Saturday Night

October 17, 1953 • 10 Cents

The Front Page

It was no surprise when Premier W. A. C. Bennett announced that his Government intended to lower the voting age in British Columbia from 21 to 19 years; the younger political parties have made a great point of professing their faith in the responsibility (and gratitude) of youth, with the Social Creditors giving the vote to 19-year-olds in Alberta and the CCF to 18-year-olds in Saskatchewan. It was to be expected that British Columbia would fall in line with this youth movement.

The voting teen-agers have not made much difference in the political life of Alberta and Saskatchewan; they have been just as interested, just as indifferent as their elders, and doubtless when British Columbia gets its new law, things will go on there, too, pretty well as they have been. No one could expect it to be different, of course; there is no reason to believe that a young man or woman becomes a person of mature wisdom just by celebrating a 21st birthday, any more than an 18th or a 19th. Still, the reasons generally given for lowering the voting age can lead to some odd conclusions if projected in a logical way.

If boys and girls of 18 and

Donald McKague

TOBY ROBINS: A Charade with Music *(Page 4)*

When Opportunity
KNOCKS...
YOUR IDEAL HOME!
IMPORTANT
DON'T MISS THIS OPPORTUNITY
1952 CONVERTIBLE
De Soto Freedom 8
ACTIVE PARTNER WANTED
HADLEY COLLEGE
Summer holiday in JAMAICA
Canada Savings Bonds
...give You a chance to say "Yes"!

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The Front Page

19 are old enough to fly jet aircraft, shoot guns in anger and raise families, it is said, they are old enough to vote. There have been some awkward developments recently, however, which make the ability to do things a doubtful measure of an individual's maturity. Not so long ago some British scientists suggested that robots would make human jet pilots obsolete; and electronic machines even now are doing things far beyond the mechanical or intellectual powers of most people of any age.

It is possible that the robots and the brain machines, their electronic insides impervious to passion, would be more judicial and regular than imperfect human beings when it came to voting. But we do not think the result would be good; lacking passion, the robots would have no gift for hot-headed rebellion, and a dash of that is needed every so often just to keep the elected from getting too puffed up.

There should be less talk, then, about the ability of prospective voters to do things, and a great deal more about their ability to think and to put passion in their thinking. One of these days this capacity may be the only measure of distinction between us and the robots.

Court Scene

IF THE SAME shrewdness were used in all dealings with the radical Doukhobors as was shown in the recent trials of a number of the Sons of Freedom, it is likely there would be less of a necessity for such trials. Court was held in the village of Jubilee, outside Vancouver. If it had been held in Vancouver, the Sons would have had a grand opportunity to indulge their passion for exhibitionism. In Jubilee, nobody paid any attention to them. The magistrate sat on a tiny stage in the village's Labor Hall; beside him was an upright piano, behind him an Italian garden painted on a backdrop, and over his head someone long before had painted the slogan, "Human rights before property rights." Next door, the blacksmith went on with his work, hardly troubling to look out of his open door. And after the trials ended, the little Labor Hall went quietly back to dances, banquets and school prize-givings.

Inside Weather Man

WHEN THE Manufacturers Life Insurance company opened its elegant, new building in Toronto recently somebody told us that the air-conditioning system, reputedly the most up-to-date in Canada, had been installed by Charles S. Leopold, the man who had controlled the climate of the Pentagon, Madison Square Garden, the New York Stock Exchange, Saks Fifth Avenue and a host of other elaborate establishments. We also learned that Mr. Leopold would be in town a few days later, and when he arrived we hurried around to pay our respects.

We found him, a stocky, cheerful man in his late fifties, pulling handfuls of charts and pamphlets (all about air-conditioning), out of a bulging briefcase.

"Couldn't get here in time for the opening of the new building," he said. "I got held up on a job for the U.S. Army in Britain. But I wanted to see it and I finally got here. I'm doing some other buildings here too—Confederation Life and Imperial Oil in Toronto, McColl Frontenac in Montreal."

He handed us some charts. "Look over those," he said. "They prove my theory that 75 degrees Fahrenheit, give or take a degree or two, is the most comfortable indoor temperature for people, at work or play. I often have trouble convincing people, though. Managers of movie theatres, for instance, are inclined to keep their places much too cool for real comfort. Sometimes I insist on having my own way when I install equipment in theatres. I hit on that 75 degree figure after a great deal of personal observation, but you've got to realize that physical comfort is a psychological as well as a physiological condition. If a man feels hot, he feels hot and that's all there is to it. No amount of persuasion will convince him that he should feel comfortable, and all the time it may not be the temperature that's affecting him, but the size of the meal he just ate or how he slept last night or a remark just made about the weather."

One of his problems at Madison Square Garden was to get rid of cigarette smoke that blurred the view of the spectators and impregnated their clothes. He used lamps to determine how much light got through the smoke haze, and hired a non-smoking basketball player to record personal reaction to smoke in crowds of various sizes. "But the biggest problem," he said, "was how we could disperse the smoke without blowing the customers out of their seats. We finally solved it with the use of an electrostatic filter, but I burned a good deal of midnight oil before hitting on that idea."

In his home in Philadelphia, he has one air-conditioning unit — in the master bedroom. When things get really hot, he heads for a fishing spot in Canada, "miles from a phone." When the weather gets stuffy, the people who are naturally stuffy get stuffier, he said, "and I hate stuffy people." We suggested he give some of his attention to the climate outdoors. "Not my line," he said, rather regretfully. "I've got my hands full as it is."

Gilbert A. Milne

CHARLES S. LEOPOLD: 75 degrees is comfortable.

Character Building

WE STOOD UP and cheered when President Sidney Smith of the University of Toronto urged newcomers to his institution to develop "a critical spirit that can stand up against all the dreary platitudes and pallid inanities that assail us." Dr. Smith said he was not "praising eccentricity for its own sake, although Canada could easily support more characters."

The only fault we had to find with Dr. Smith's stirring address was his failure to take a more constructive approach to the problem of providing more characters for the enlightenment and entertainment of Canadian society. As a matter of fact, no one is better placed than Dr. Smith, head of Canada's biggest university, to make a start on a practical solution.

There could be instruction in Character Building, compulsory for all freshmen in arts courses and optional for those in other courses; Medicals, Engineers and their ilk seem to be natural cut-ups in their youth and do not lose their charming exuberance until they earn their first fee, after which they progressively show more need of a postgraduate course in How to Become a Character. We're sure Dr. Smith could find all sorts of worthy instructors among the people now on his staff if he just dropped a few hints to the faculty deans that the wraps were off. There might even be a Dean of Characters.

Looking at the matter seriously, however, there is no doubt that one of the jobs of a university is to produce "the man or woman" (in Dr. Smith's words) "who has the capacity for dissent, who sets up a resistance to mass movements and mass ideas."

Expense Accounts

NEWSPAPERS in Alberta have been looking with jaundiced eyes at the Provincial Government's statement of travelling expenses—a total of $1,069,386 for the fiscal year 1952-53, more than double the $516,189 spent in the 1945-46 period. "It is all too easy for civil servants . . . to travel in more lavish style than the public business really requires," the *Edmonton Journal* growled, pointing to an item of $22,665 for taxi fare. We wonder if the *Journal* recalls how useful taxicabs were to one western province during the Thirties; the provincial administration, full of virtue and good works, officially frowned on "entertainment" as an item in the expense accounts of its servants (there was too strong a suggestion of the delights of wine, women and song), but it permitted spending in this category to be listed under "Taxicabs." The expense sheets, therefore, showed that provincial authorities led remarkably austere lives while travelling, but had a passion for riding in taxis.

Press Conferences

REPORTERS in Washington are worried—and they don't mind saying so—about the way President Eisenhower has been cutting down on press conferences. So far he has been holding these conferences at a rate which would mean a total of 20 in a year. His predecessor, Harry Truman, did twice as well, with an average of 40 a year, while Franklin D. Roosevelt doubled even Mr. Truman's rate.

The President's press conference is not a device for making things easy for lazy reporters, but an invaluable link between the Chief Executive and the people he serves. The *New York Times* recently referred to this way of talking informally and frequently to his countrymen by means of their unofficial representatives — for such all good reporters are." A Canadian cannot criticize the President in this matter, of course, because it is none of his business, but he can wonder why the press conference is not used more often at Ottawa.

The Canadian Government's favorite methods of giving out information and testing public opinion are the press release and the anonymous of-

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ficial. The press release is nothing more than a publicity man's blurb; it tells the Government's story exactly the way the Government wants it told, and all too often newspaper correspondents accept it as gospel and do not bother to do any more checking. The willingness to accept such handouts undoubtedly has encouraged the Government to increase its production of press releases, but it is no substitute for good reporting, either by the Government or by the newspapers. Even more insidious, however, is the anonymous official, the "reliable source" who lets correspondents in on some supposedly inside information.

The use of the nameless authority enables the Government to test public reaction, to forestall criticism and to delay the solution of controversial problems. Newspapers and other journals, therefore, become tools of the politicians in office and purveyors of reports which members of the Cabinet can later confirm or deny as they wish. It is a dishonest way of playing about with public affairs and cannot be condoned.

It is tremendously important that the Government keep the people informed on what it is doing and what it plans to do. When Parliament is in session, of course, this can be done through reports to the Commons. But at all times there is a need for an honest supply of information, without subterfuge or propaganda, and one way of meeting this need would be the holding of more informal meetings between Ministers and the press.

For the Washed Brain

ALL THE RECENT talk about brainwashing reminds us that people in the north of England used to refer to a certain disease that afflicted sheep as "brainblather." Ivor Brown rediscovered the word, and rejoiced in it, in one of his voyages of discovery into language. We think the time has come for a revival of brainblather. It comes well off the tongue through a curled lip, and describes with rare assonance what the Communists pour into the brain they have succeeded in washing empty.

Jupiter Theatre

DARK-HAIRED, blue-eyed Toby Robins will get an excellent chance to display her talent for wistful comedy when she plays the part of the ballet dancer, *Isabelle*, in Jupiter Theatre's production of *Ring Around the Moon* next week at the Royal Alexandra in Toronto. And the production will show just how far Jupiter Theatre has travelled along the road leading to the establishment of a permanent professional theatre.

The performance of Miss Robins, who graduated from the University of Toronto only last year but who has been a professional actress since she was 15, will inevitably be compared with that of Claire Bloom, who handled the role so well in the London production of the play that Christopher Fry, who described it as a "charrade with the music", adapted from Anouilh's original. The production as a whole must face a critical test, of course, but the Jupiter people cannot be too worried on that score; what they will watch particularly will be the reaction of the audience during the run of the play. It will be their first production at the Royal Alexandra (two more are planned during the season) and it should prove to be a measure of the public's attitude toward a professional Canadian group in a theatre which gets the best of touring companies.

This is Jupiter's third season, and after the progress made during the first two, the group has every reason to be optimistic. Jupiter Theatre Incorporated is a non-profit organization established, in the words of the founders, "to provide a Canadian voice in the theatre," and to build a professional "theatre of quality employing the best Canadian talent." It has had considerable success with smaller audiences, and it would appear to be ready now for bigger things. It is an exciting adventure which deserves not only respect but warmhearted interest.

Ireland's Trade

WHEN THE Hon. Sean F. Lemass, Deputy Prime Minister of the Republic of Ireland, paid a brief visit to Ottawa and Montreal recently, we caught up with him in the latter city just after he had opened the new offices of the Irish Export Promotion Board—the Coras Tractala Teo, as the Irish call it.

Mr. Lemass is 54 now, and a calmer person than he was when a member of the Irish Republican Army—he was captured three times between the Easter Week Rising in 1916 and the fighting that broke out in July, 1922. "Those days are past," he said. "Partition? Why, every Irishman feels strongly about the partition of the country, one way or another. But let's talk about exports, shall we?"

He is the Republic's Minister of Industry and Commerce as well as Deputy Prime Minister, and it was the matter of trade that brought him to Canada. "We don't expect or even hope to balance the import-export budget," he said, "but we would like to even it out a little. There are certain things such as timber and newsprint that presumably we'll always need from Canada; but there are others, quality goods such as our famous Donegal tweeds and Waterford glass, that we'd like to sell more of in Canada. We will never be mass producers in Ireland, but like the Swiss, we can do a successful job by concentrating on specialized items."

What was the Irish version of the dollar gap? "It's about $30 million at present," he said. "We can do better than that, as we let more and more people know about what we are producing. Many people don't realize that we are industrial producers, because it is a comparatively recent development, I suppose. Sometimes when we get visitors coming back home after years in Canada or the United States, they seem to be amazed by how much we have progressed. Well, most of the progress is due to our industrialization, which started about 20 years back but has reached the point of surpluses for export only since the war."

Mr. Lemass, who has been Ireland's Minister of Commerce twice before, in 1932 and 1941-48, was paying his first visit to Canada in 21 years. He knocked the dottle from his pipe carefully as he remarked, "Speaking of progress, this country has really hopped along, hasn't it? Why, it's a different country altogether, from what I've seen. Rich and vigorous . . . we should be able to sell quite a lot of goods here."

He left, then, to prepare for visits to Washington and New York, to present official greetings and open more new offices.

Rapid Grip & Batten

SEAN F. LEMASS: Let's talk about exports.

Fear of Freedom

CONSIDERING the servile way in which the BBC and its apologists are aped in Canada, we can expect to hear a new argument trotted out one of these days to defend government monopoly of broadcasting. It will be borrowed from a former chairman of the BBC, Lord Simon, who has evolved the remarkably naive theory that "an alert press" is sufficient safeguard against any "regimentation of opinion" by a government which controls the air.

Lord Simon's faith in the power of a free press is flattering, but he forgets two things: the press is only one part of the business of publishing, and the press is free today because many years ago it fought and won its fight against government interference. Broadcasting by radio and television is just as much publishing as the production of printed material, and if it is unthinkable that a government should control the press of a free nation, it is just as unthinkable that it should control broadcasting.

What are they afraid of, these people who cry that broadcasting is too powerful a weapon to be placed in private hands? They are afraid of freedom, just as their predecessors who tried to keep the press in the grip of government censorship were afraid. They cannot trust freedom of choice to the individual citizen, but profess to believe that the thing called Government has some special wisdom that makes it a proper judge of what the people should listen to and look at. They shudder at the thought of the air being used with the same responsible liberty that they find so admirable in the press. They are more terrified of freedom than they are of the state seizing its people's minds.

The Gathering Storm

AN EXCITING book will be published this week by Clarke, Irwin and Company. It is a study of education in Canada, written by Dr. Hilda Neatby, Professor of History at the University of Saskatchewan. Its title, *So Little for the Mind*, sums up the author's indictment of the New Education. The article on page 7 of this issue is taken from Dr. Neatby's introductory chapter, and we can assure our readers that the other chapters are just as controversial. There is no doubt that there will be angry howls from a great many educators when they read *So Little for the Mind*, but Dr. Neatby is prepared for it. "Many years ago," she says, "J. G. Rampel, now a member of the Biology Department at Saskatoon, and I both happened to make speeches commenting on our educational system during Education Week in Regina. A few days later, the Dean received a letter of complaint from a leading official of the Department of Education, suggesting that he ought to keep the members of his staff under proper control. I mention this as an interesting sidelight on the response of experts to criticism."

Letters

Bore From Within?

FROM THIS distance, the time seems to have come in Canada for the Conservative Party to solve its persistent problems of the past 32 years, by entering the Liberal Party and boring from within, if indeed, it has not already done so. This beguiling reversal of a British precedent of thirty years ago and of current American political behavior would not only justify any attendant distress by providing an opportunity for a Canadian radical party, but would bestow a general heart-warming sense of being not as Americans and Britons are.

New York J. B. BREBNER

Total Education

I REGRET that I have been too busy to write sooner concerning your article, "Total Education," in the issue of your magazine of Sept 12. In this article you misquote me as saying, ". . . while modern education may not be as good from the academic standpoint, it is a great improvement 'for the total education for living.'" I actually stated that modern education was *better* from the academic standpoint, as well as being better for total education. There is considerable scientific evidence to support this statement. In a number of the city school systems of the continent, including Vancouver, tests given twenty or thirty years ago have been given to a comparable modern group. In almost every case today's children have outshone the older generation.

Nevertheless, some university professors, including the one you quoted in your article, do complain about the high school graduates they meet. They forget that thirty years ago only a very small percentage of the boys and girls reached university—an intellectual élite. Today, with so many more openings for university-trained people, a much greater proportion of our young people takes higher education. It is no wonder that the university finds it necessary to change its methods — in some cases unchanged for decades — to cope with the much wider range of ability and of interests.

Duncan, BC WILLIAM V. ALLESTER

I WISH to congratulate you on your editorial "Total Education" (Sept. 5). Everybody of course will not congratulate you. But really, if it was not for the common sense plus a little humor of the Canadian Press in general on the theories and pretensions of the "New Education", I would utterly despair of the fate of Canadian education . . .

Argyle Shore, PEI M. MCKENZIE

Chagrined, Incensed

AS A REGULAR and enthusiastic reader of your paper, I was considerably chagrined by the tone of your Letter from Washington (Sept. 19) . . . The entire article was so filled with misinformation that I questioned whether it had been written by a correspondent in Washington or had been cribbed from the yellow journal of Moscow, whatever the name of that paper may be . . .

I was particularly incensed that your writer should say, "The Senate is a legislative chamber with more power than wisdom, with small men accoutred in the robes of greatness." He also complains that debate in the Senate is lacking in repartee brilliant with the weight of learning. May I remind him that our Senators are elected to promote the welfare of the people. When they give us laws which produce for our people more telephones, more motor cars, more radios and more of everything per capita to add to the comfort of the people, we will forgive them if their remarks in debate are not filled with excerpts from Homer or they fail to create new quotations for Bartlett.

I have long maintained that the various nations which compose the English speaking world should endeavor to build up a feeling of friendliness among their peoples. I have been equally critical of similar articles unfriendly to the various parts of the British Commonwealth written in the United States. I feel that we should all endeavor to copy the attitude of Willson Woodside in the Foreign Affairs page of your paper. We have many glorious traditions and ideals in common. Let us confine our discussions of other portions of the Anglo-Saxon world to those things which will weld us to confound our common enemies, and eliminate unfriendly comments which would separate us.

Seattle, Wash. A. O. ARMSTRONG

A Weakened Case

I THINK that an increasing number of people is aware of the need for more discipline instead of less discipline for our children. I favor more discipline and so read with interest a recent letter signed by E. A. Wildman advocating sterner punishment and pointing out that it is legally safe to use various instruments of correction such as a leather strap.

Unfortunately he weakens the case for the rest of us because he is not an impartial observer. He makes a living, I believe, by manufacturing and selling leather straps for punishment and 3 types of disciplinary canes. Moreover, he was involved in an undignified incident recently when he went to a school to drum-up sales, was seized by some of the boys, and was photographed by an alert photographer with an expression of anguish on his face as one of his own canes was applied to his own bottom.

Let's have the case for more discipline presented by more impartial and more dignified pleaders.

Montreal A. STEVENSON

New Deal Hangover?

IN REGARD to the Letter from New York by Anthony West, September 12, I can only conclude that the author is suffering from a bad case of "New Deal Hangover," and I suggest that he read *U.S. News & World Report*, August 28, for a sobering effect.

West's derogatory comments on President Eisenhower (apart from their inaccuracies), are a discredit to a paper of SATURDAY NIGHT'S standing!

President Eisenhower is a statesman, whose achievements, diplomacy, understanding of Constitutional Government, and moral leadership, place him not only in the forefront of the world today, but undoubtedly among America's greatest Presidents.

Further promotion of the New Deal in Canada is erroneous political judgment, and an international blunder of the first magnitude!

Victoria THOMAS R. HUBERT

Religious Broadcasts

MAY I, through your medium, give vent to pent-up feelings of aversion to religious broadcasting as we know it today? Surely, those intelligent Canadians who are your subscribers must share, at least in part, my reluctance to be caught with my radio on at "Morning Devotions" time!

And surely there is some way in which these programs could be made more palatable! That I am not alone in wishing this is evidenced by a column which appeared in a recent church publication. It decried the present lack of understanding of the medium shown by religious broadcasters. Like its author, I tend to agree with Dr. John S. Crosbie of the United Church of Canada, who is quoted as saying "Radio presents to the teachers of religion the greatest opportunity since the invention of printing".

Good. Agreed. But when is something going to be done about it?

Port Credit, Ont. ANDREW H. BROWN

Church and State

I HAVE found the reasoning of your correspondent, Mr. C. B. Reynolds, not very easy to follow. However, let me try to reply, within the limitations of your space, to some of his remarks.

1. Mr. Reynolds appears to be misinformed in regard to Church and State situations in England. There is nothing which lays upon the Church "the duty of conforming to the law of the land." Actually, when extended grounds of divorce were approved by the State through the unhappy Herbert Act in 1936, provision was made to safeguard the Church's position, so that the clergy could not be required to officiate under the new conditions. Had this not been done there would have been conflict; for, while the Church teaches the duty to "render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's," she proclaims the higher duty to "render unto God the things that are God's." It is in defence of this same principle that many of our fellow Christians are fighting and suffering under totalitarian regimes today.

2. So far as doctrine generally, and the marriage law in particular are concerned, there is no misnomer in the title "Church of England in Canada". As parts of the world-wide Anglican Communion the Mother Church and the Canadian Church are essentially one.

3. The Church teaches that the marriage bond is in its nature lifelong and inviolable. Education for marriage cannot, of course, secure families from trials and misfortune, such as that mentioned by your correspondent. Its aim is to set forth the true nature of marriage and the way to its happy fulfilment, and to ensure that it is undertaken with a deep sense of responsibility and an awareness of its requirements. In any case of misfortune the Church brings the ministry of that strength which St. Paul learnt in his distress: "My grace is sufficient for thee". The standard for marriage, being of Divine authority, cannot be abrogated any more than, for example, poverty can modify the requirement "Thou shalt not steal".

4. I suggest to Mr. C. B. Reynolds that his analogy of fire-fighting apparatus with extended grounds of divorce is hardly a happy one. The results, in greatly increased divorces and broken homes, rather indicate a pouring of oil on the fire!

(CANON) W. H. DAVISON

Dorval, Que.

The French Record

IN "The Front Page" on September 19, Mr. Bevis Walters was quoted as follows, "We have a long way to go yet, however. The annual Canadian consumption of native wines is not quite two bottles per head. It's . . . something like 35 gallons per head in France—at six bottles to the gallon." Apparently Mr. Walters would have us follow the example of France.

I would like to refer Mr. Walters to the *London Spectator* of November 14, 1952, which points out that alcoholism is the most serious single social disease of France and that excessive consumption of wine is the main trouble. This thesis is supported by a mass of evidence. For instance, one Paris doctor reports that, in the 120 hospital beds of which he has charge, the number of cases of cirrhosis of the liver has risen from three in 1946 to fifty in 1952. A Nice doctor treated no cases of delirium tremens in 1945, but one hundred and fifty in 1951. A Bordeaux mental specialist stated that, in that area of France, half the mental cases are due to alcoholism. It was revealed that the cost to the State of looking after alcoholics is 132 milliards ($368,280,000); whereas the drink-trade only contributed 53 milliards ($147,870,000) to the Treasury. The loss to production is estimated at 350 milliards ($976,500,000); the shortening of the average life of the French male at four per cent.

It seems hard to believe that Mr. Walters or any other intelligent Canadian would want to have these conditions duplicated in Canada.

Norwood, Man. T. M. BADGER

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Progressive Education: A Challenge Missed

By HILDA NEATBY

A SAD CHARACTERISTIC of this "age without standards" is that words which once had dignity and strength, because they stood for things respected and clearly defined, have become like false money. Defaced by excessive use and frequent abuse they are now offered freely and hopefully as symbols for almost any kind of intellectual exchange. Democracy is one such word, now almost useless except for purposes of propaganda. Education is another. Both are used freely by those who exploit their traditional dignity and worth, to cover all sorts of mysterious and doubtful transactions.

Canada may well borrow a term used elsewhere and refer to education as the "key industry". Judging by statistics it is, at least, a major industry. It absorbs yearly upwards of four hundred million dollars, and it takes up the entire time of almost three million persons, or twenty per cent of the entire population. These facts do not, however, represent its crucial importance. It is indeed a key industry. It supplies all other industries, including those concerned with the government and the defence of the country. If the educational industry falters, it necessarily follows that the whole structure of the nation is threatened.

This last fact is important and even alarming. Canadians have a great traditional respect for education and this respect has, at the cost of much material sacrifice, spread education over a vast country and through every group of a very varied society. But it is no longer easy to say exactly what education is. We all burn incense at the altar, but if faced with the challenge "Ye know not whom ye serve", it is fairly certain that we would answer, not with one clear voice but with an indistinguishable babel of sounds. Far too few even of our leading Canadian professional educators could define and describe education in words comprehensible to the educated layman and at the same time acceptable even to a substantial minority of their colleagues.

This curious and regrettable situation has its own history. Since the eighteenth century liberal and humanitarian ideas have been serving to prepare for new views on the development, training, and discipline of the young. These views were profoundly influenced by the new study of psychology, and by the increasing application of scientific techniques with unscientific optimism to every area of human activity. Meanwhile the problems, and the possibilities of increasing urbanization and industrialization, led the psychologist, along with the social worker and the sociologist, to suggest new approaches to the whole question of education which involved radical changes in the content of the studies as well as new methods of teaching. Many developments made possible and encouraged by industrial wealth and industrial techniques have transformed the school "plant" and "equipment" (to use industrial words) and have introduced general standardization and mass production. These developments led to the introduction of rather sweeping changes very rapidly and very quietly.

It may, therefore, be said that in education we have witnessed a change of strategy simultaneous with a period of very rapid expansion. Changes, even inevitable and highly desirable ones, always provoke criticism and opposition. Enthusiastic educational reformers, having met with opposition, have exaggerated the nature and the importance of the changes needed, and have cast themselves in the role of revolutionaries. The revolutionary has traditionally a religious fear of the Egyptian darkness from which he has emerged, and a religious hatred of heresy.

Paul Horsaal

DR. HILDA NEATBY

The modern professional educators in Canada divide themselves into two groups, the self-styled "progressivists" and the other group, whom the first call "traditionalists". "Traditional" and "traditionalist" from the lips of progressivists are terms of abuse. The debate has not yet reached the dimensions of a shooting, or even of a cold, war, but there is an increasing pressure on "traditionalists" to hew to the party line. Progressivists are, it appears from one of their manifestos, "the more enthusiastic and professionally-minded members" of a given teaching group; it is suggested that many teachers with twenty years' experience may be seriously, if not incurably traditional, and the teacher is left to suppose that retirement or death may bring the remedy that reason is powerless to effect.

The virtues of the new education emerge naturally from the humanitarian philosophy of the eighteenth century. The average progressive school is not, as certainly many traditional schools were, an abode of darkness and cruelty, or, at best, of dull and meaningless fact grinding. Rather it is a place where all children find sympathy, understanding and encouragement. There are no terrors for the dunce, there is demand for no feverish application from the good scholar. Learning is free and unforced because it is believed that children work best when they are happy and retain most firmly what they learn gladly. "The whole child goes to school" and when he arrives he is accepted as an individual of the first importance. "The school is child centred."

Happiness and cheerful learning are promoted and the new attitude of sympathy is expressed first, by much attention to health, physical comfort, and pleasure through suitable and properly constructed school buildings, good lighting, comfortable seats, facilities for recreation and, in general, cheerful and attractive surroundings.

This sympathetic and understanding attention to the child as an individual, to his physical well-being, to his interests, and to his moral growth must win the approval of all who are interested in children or in education. It is not, of course, entirely new. But progressivists are right in maintaining that the foundation of general and nation-wide systems of education on such principles is new. Neglect of health and comfort, lack of sympathy, and harshness, drill and discipline for their own sakes are as unfashionable today as their opposites were a generation or two ago. The educational system which undertakes to care adequately for all, the dull, the lazy and the misfits, as well as for the bright and the industrious is indeed a new and notable achievement.

But in English-speaking Canada, as in the United States, there are signs of unrest and dissatisfaction which go beyond the normal grumbling bestowed on other universal institutions like the weather and the income tax.

True, much of the discussion and criticism is merely a normal and healthy symptom of progressivism. Lengthy government reports recommending supposedly revolutionary changes, constant revision of curricula, recommendations of new methods and re-writing of text books are all an accepted part of the new order. Scathing criticisms from professionals on current practices and procedures are often reminiscent of the extremely forthright comments which are a regular feature of the carefully controlled press of Soviet Russia. But there is evidence of more than progressive criticism. There are widespread if hitherto largely inarticulate doubts on the part of parents and teachers who, although they may be branded as "traditionalist", are in no sense reactionary.

While business men express themselves in their usual forthright way, university professors explain in more academic language the deficiencies of those whom they are required to produce in three or four short years, invested with a cap and gown, prepared to take their place, in traditional language, as the intellectual leaders of society. These intellectual leaders of the future literally cannot read, write, or think. They are good at word recognition, but to "read, mark, learn and inwardly digest" even simple material is beyond them. They can write, and often type, but too often they cannot construct a grammatical sentence. They can emit platitudes, but they can neither explain nor defend them. They are often as incapable of the use of logic as they are ignorant of its very name. Yet these high school "graduates" are not stupid, or ill-intentioned, or incurably indifferent to what they have never learned to call their duty. They are only ignorant, lazy, and unaware of the exacting demands of a society from the realities of which they have been carefully insulated.

IT IS TRUE that these judgments come from university professors who occasionally compensate for the scholarly precision and rational objectivity required in pure research by indulgence in emotional exaggeration on matters incapable of exact proof; and there is also the natural peevishness of the old at the faults of youth. But the most generous discounting of professorial strictures still leaves one with the impression that their students come to them quite unprepared for the serious studies commonly supposed to be characteristic of a reputable university.

Our schools seem to have missed the challenge of a brutal and dangerous but stimulating age. Somehow educators for all their talk of the world of today are still dreaming the simple philosophic dreams of the eighteenth century, that men are all naturally intelligent, reasonable and moral, needing only the opportunity for a free and full development of their faculties. This dreaming has been only slightly modified by the psychologists, who seldom know any philosophy, and who would cope with mankind, not by the old-fashioned "development of faculties," but by manipulation and socialization. Progressivists, true to the revolutionary tradition, read no history. They have not perceived that all societies, civilized and otherwise, no matter what their ultimate ideals, have adapted

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the education of children to the kind of world they must live and die in. If they had grasped this important truth, they would surely have realized what progressivism and pragmatism alike demand, in the hard world of today, a hard and selective discipline that will fit every individual to make his utmost contribution to a society in which, with all our effort, life for many will probably still be "nasty brutish and short".

THE TWENTIETH century school is faced with a tremendous threefold task.

First it must accept, and afford some sort of training for, every child above a very low intellectual level. This has meant an enormous and rapid increase in numbers in all schools, and a vast increase in the numbers of intellectually incompetent in the high schools. Somehow all these future citizens must receive education or training appropriate to their capacities.

Secondly, the school must convey to these swollen numbers a mass of information useful and even essential to them, information of which their grandparents never dreamed. They must learn the rules of health, the principles of a balanced diet, safety regulations, traffic laws, the operation of public services and utilities, the use and hazards of modern domestic equipment, and literally hundreds of other matters. Much of this practical instruction may be unnecessary and even absurd. Most of it should be be learned in the home. But some school instruction in these matters is probably inescapable, time-consuming though it may be.

Thirdly, the school should, in addition, convey to all, insofar as they are capable of receiving it, the intellectual, cultural and moral training which represents the best in a long and honorable tradition of Western civilization. On the proper performance of this task depends the future of our society. Informed individuals outside the progressive schools speak of the crisis in civilization with seriousness and intelligence. Progressive educators have apparently not even heard of it; they continue blandly to socialize for a society which threatens every moment to cease to exist.

Looking back over the past generation or two, it seems obvious that the true "pragmatist," that is the really practical and forward looking man or woman, would have used the great resources of the schools, public interest, increasing wealth, improved buildings, up-to-date equipment, adequate teacher training, more effective methods of teaching, to fulfil this threefold obligation. They would have realized that all the new resources and all the new enthusiasm would be barely enough to meet the heavy new responsibility of teaching the multitudes and of imparting an ever-increasing mass of useful, practical information, without neglecting the task, now more essential than ever, of offering mental discipline and intellectual and spiritual enrichment. They did not see either the challenge or the opportunity. They took the easy way out. Instead of using their enormous new resources in material equipment, knowledge and skill to cope with their tremendous task, they frittered them away in making school life easy and pleasant, concentrating on the obvious, the practical, and the immediate. Democratic equalitarianism encouraged the idea of a uniform low standard easily obtainable by almost all. Special attention was given to all physical, emotional and mental abnormalities, but the old-fashioned things called the mind, the imagination and the conscience of the average and of the better than average child, if not exactly forgotten, slipped into the background. As a result the much maligned traditionalist is now retorting with some pretty vigorous criticisms of progressive education as he sees it.

It is frankly anti-intellectual. There is no attempt to exercise, train and discipline the mind. This is old-fashioned language, now forbidden by the experts, but its meaning is still clear to the literate person. The traditionalist firmly and even brutally conveyed a body of facts which must be learned precisely, and which provided, as it were, the material of thought. Or he might demonstrate the process of thought through the admittedly painful process of causing the pupil to memorize a mathematical proposition and its proof. True, the matter often began and ended with memorizing, and never reached the stage of thinking. The progressivist noted this, but instead of taking over and doing the thing properly he threw up the sponge. Because, he argued, intellectual training is difficult and painful and many fall by the wayside, throw it out altogether. Failures spoil the record. The denial by the schools of the duty of intellectual training is neatly reflected by the current fashion of lightly dismissing in argument an unanswerable proposition as "a question of semantics."

Progressivism is anti-cultural. This is quite in keeping with the revolutionary, pseudo-scientific materialist fashions of the day. In this scientific age we find that everything, not just educational methods, but everything, is better than it used to be. It is the pride of the machine age that we can now understand, manipulate and control men as we do machines. Why should we look at the evidence of human joys, sorrows, failures, and achievements in the past? It would almost be an admission of defeat. We manage everything better now. No one actually says this; and even progressivists can enjoy good (if traditional) music or painting. But the result of progressivism has been effectively to cut off many if not most of our pupils from any real enjoyment or understanding of the inheritance of western civilization; and certainly from any sense that the achievements and values of the past are a trust to be preserved and enriched for the future. Culture in its traditional sense of intellectual and moral cultivation is as unfashionable as is scholarship.

Finally, progressive education is, or has been, amoral. There is something of a reaction today, but for a generation it has been unfashionable, to say the least, to speak openly of right and wrong actions. Teachers take cover instead under "desirable" and "undesirable" "attitudes" or "responses". But these are not enough. The pupil soon learns the meaning of desirable and thinks, quite rightly, that in a democratic society he has as much right to desire as anyone else. Even the elementary discipline of establishing rules which the child was required to keep was questioned. True, rules certainly existed in practice; but pragmatic theory frowned on all external control and therefore rules were enforced uneasily and with a bad conscience. The general tendency of the progressive approach has been to weaken respect for law and authority as such, and to dull discrimination between right and wrong, by teaching, implied if not expressed, that "desirable" actions on the part of the child (actions pleasing to others) will bring "desirable" responses (actions pleasing to him). It is no doubt often true that honesty is the best policy, but no one ever learned honesty from that maxim. Pragmatism is certainly not entirely responsible for the flabby morality of today, but it has lent itself with enthusiasm to the general trend of the times.

Judged by their fitness for the individuals and for the society which they serve, our progressive methods are neither pragmatic nor progressive in any true sense of these words. The industrial challenge of today is to tool up and increase production by all means. We are not doing this in the educational world. We are, it is true, offering innumerable "special" courses but the special course, by definition, is a tool for a narrowly prescribed purpose.

THE UNKNOWN demands of the future must be met by a general educational calculated to produce an informed, intelligent, adaptable, and loyal but not servile worker; in the words of Cromwell which still apply in peace as in war, the man who "knows what he fights for, and loves what he knows". Are the schools giving pupils such a knowledge of their civilization, its history, its philosophy, its achievements and its failures, that they are ready to refuse the evil and to choose the good; that they may play an adequate part in its growth and in its enrichment? Are they building morale by telling the pupils frankly how real and earnest modern life is, telling them not in a cruel or a morbid way, but with the calm common sense that they bring to training in habits of health or regard for the traffic lights? The plain truth is that they are not doing these things. They are carefully avoiding the essential issues.

The sensible and fair thing is surely to let children know by experience in school that life may be difficult and disagreeable as well as delightful and simple; that theirs is a world for workers, and that work demands their best effort; and to help them to acquire in school such firm habits and such clear principles as will enable them, whether they gain or lose the world, to do their duty in it with diligence and intelligence. Nothing could be less practical or progressive than the current fashion of keeping those who should be achieving the age of discretion in ignorant, if contented, immaturity.

The Social Scene

The Art of Getting a Job

ALTHOUGH FINDING employment used to be an art, it has been developed into a pseudo-science over the past twenty years, due mainly to the hiring or promotion of people who call themselves Personnel Managers, Job Consultants, or by other similar highfalutin' self-inflicted titles. We have no more use for the average personnel manager than he has for us, and we believe his job is just about as unnecessary as any in existence.

Military intelligence is largely a matter of knowing the enemy, and job intelligence consists of knowing as much as possible about your antagonist, the personnel manager.

There was a time when people were hired after a two-minute interview with the office manager or the foreman of the plate shop. The only attributes needed for a job as a junior bookkeeper were a facility with figures, a slight knowledge of double entry bookkeeping, and a presentable suit. Today, the budding bookkeeper must have a college degree in Commerce and Finance, a scientist's grasp of calculus, be able to name the capital of Outer Mongolia, and pass an IQ test that would stump Bertrand Russell.

The guy applying for a job driving a mechanical loader in a steel-pipe stockroom in the past was hired for his brawn, lack of imagination, and the ownership of a pair of safety boots and coveralls. Nowadays he must have a family tree running back, unsullied, to the Plantagenets, be able to write a weekly ode called "Stockroom Sayings" for the company magazine, be willing to join Blue Cross and the Pension Plan, agree to purchase a Savings Bond every six months, and must be either anti-union to the core or agree to join the union within six weeks.

This deplorable state of affairs has been brought about by the characters who hide in frosted-glass offices complete with telephone, job application blanks, a Savings Bond poster and a doodling pad. The average personnel manager is either a superannuated mailing clerk or an old college chum of the 4th vice-president's, who lost his last ten jobs for taking his lunches in a bar or was caught pinching the switchboard operators.

In order to justify his name on the payroll, and make his position appear necessary to the time-study department, the newly-hired personnel manager must build himself an organization. In some companies he goes about this by talking management into enrolling the employees in a hospital plan, which requires a clerk to administer, gets another clerk whose job it is to peddle government savings bonds, starts a house organ requiring the services of an editor, hires a girl to compile statistics on absenteeism and file Department of Labor brochures, and a secretary to write his letters.

Now he's in business, and he begins to use such words as "correlate," "prescribe," and "aggregate," and phrases like "labor force," "benefit year," and "secondary school level." He usually smokes a pipe to give himself an intellectual mien, develops a sickening attitude of gruff friendliness towards the applicant, a fawning sycophancy to his bosses, and a pretended air of hurry and bustle in the presence of his underlings. The first week he was appointed to the job he stole an employment application form from a larger company, juxtaposed the questions, and presented it to the management as his own. It was approved for use, ten thousand copies were printed, and he entered the employment jousts armed and ready for any unwary antagonist who answered his advertisements.

The job-seeker must remember that finding employment is a game in which no holds are barred and honesty is a relative term. If the employment blank asks for a chronological list of former employers, stretch the terms of incumbency of the jobs you quit to cover the blank spaces in which you worked for firms which fired you. A personnel manager is more concerned with your steadiness than your versatility, so cover the period since you were expelled from school with as few jobs as possible.

Answer his oral questions as briefly as you can, and don't let him lead you into any chummy confessions in which you spout your philosophy about management and labor, your negative attitude towards the distant future, or a nihilistic comparison of the company's products with those of a rival. You may be certain that the job you are after doesn't need a two-hour interview, require a PhD in philosophy, or the compilation of an employment dossier big enough to get you into the Secret Service, but humor the old boy by pretending it does. After all, he has to justify *his* job too.

Scholastic attainments have been given an inflated importance over the past decade or so, to the point that a Toronto firm advertised not too long ago for a window washer with a Senior Matriculation certificate. Most salaried positions demand intelligence, application and ambition, but they no more need a college background than does a job on the maintenance gang. The term "college education" has a magic appeal to company heads and employment managers, who began work at the age of fourteen after outgrowing their sixth-grade desks. In answering questions dealing with education the applicant must let his conscience be his guide, but not mention any mythical *alma mater* too close to home.

Personnel managers, usually being unimaginative types, are unable to evaluate a prospective employee except from the information he gives them about himself, and from his external appearance. They have a *petit-bourgeois* distrust of the clever, the glib or the flighty, and are attracted to those as dull as themselves. This is where a job-seeker's histrionic ability can be employed to good effect.

SOME OF the cardinal rules for job applicants are: never dress better for an interview than you expect the interviewer to dress; if you are a male, wear a plain business suit with a Bible-class or Boy Scout pin in your buttonhole, and carry a library book. Learn to show interest in such boring subjects as golf, gardening, the personnel manager's children, Parent-Teacher Associations, pipe tobacco and the *Reader's Digest*. Wear a slightly shocked expression when the conversation comes round to such subjects as drunkenness, trade-unionism, and income taxes.

Before setting out on the rounds of employment offices join a service organization such as Elks, Lions, Moose or Kiwanis, the Canadian Legion, Book-of-the-Month Club, and, if possible, the Doolittle Gardens Home-Owners Association; these paint a picture of respectable stability. Place a buck in a savings account, so you can quote a bank account number if you are asked for it.

Even if you haven't got the carfare home, pretend that you have enough money stashed away to hold you over for six months or so, glance at your watch now and then during the interview and let drop the casual information that you have a luncheon date at a club with the President of the Bell Telephone Co. In other words, be as phony as hell.

The things not to do or divulge in job interviews would fill a notebook, but here are a few of them. Never mention such institutions as loan com-

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panies, pawn shops, mental hospitals, divorce, sex, the Children's Aid Society, Unemployment Insurance, hoboing or poor relations. Never show how clever you are by mentioning unilateral trade, the coaxial cable, Dr. Kinsey, NATO or new books. Avoid giving an opinion on politics, religion, Mothers' Day, or anti-vivisection.

In answer to the question on your application form, "What illnesses have you suffered in the past?" it is safe to acknowledge tonsillitis, measles and an operation for appendicitis, but under no condition should you put down smallpox, tuberculosis, gastric ulcers, hepatitis or a nervous breakdown.

Under the rather impudent heading, "What are your hobbies?" restrain yourself from giving the obvious and humorous ones, for next to intelligence the average interviewer's biggest lack is a sense of humor. Give the answers that old Rain-In-The-Face across the desk wants you to give. Some safe ones are: reading (but not writing, for this marks you as a bohemian), photography, the cultivation of African violets, bird-watching, the breeding of Pekinese dogs, playing classical records, amateur theatricals (but not painting, which is suspect), and lawn bowling.

After you have lied and humbled your way into a job with the firm, you will discover that your fellow employees in the inspection department or the cost-accounting office are types that normally couldn't get jobs as towel boys in a Shanghai steam bath. You will wonder why getting the job was such a formidable task, and whether, now that you have it, it was worth the candle. Another thing that will strike you will be the relative unimportance in the firm of the personnel manager, whom you will only see at rare intervals scurrying along the halls, wearing an apologetic look and a shiny blue-serge suit.

You will discover, too, that most of the good positions in a company are filled by men interviewed by a top executive over lunch or during a half-hour informal conversation. These executives still rely on common sense and intuition rather than a biographical questionnaire, and this method is still the best. The thing that surprises you, though, is how any executive in his right mind could have hired the personnel manager.

Good luck and good hunting.

HUGH GARNER

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The Turning Wheels

A parson circled his vicarage at Odense, Denmark, for nearly half an hour as he returned home after having passed a driving test. He said he had forgotten how to stop his car.

Dr. Boetius Hansen failed to collect his gold pin for driving 53 years without an accident. His car collided with a police van en route to the ceremony at Niebuell, Germany.

George Head filed a bill with the New Britain, Conn., city council for $94 alleging that four trips over a bumpy road cost him an average of $24 each trip. He said he practically had to re-build his automobile.

A Belgian motorist put on his brakes with such vigor to avoid a child in a baby carriage on a Liege road that his ancient automobile fell to pieces. The baby carriage was slightly damaged and the child was unhurt.

Thomas Kelly, of Chicago filed an $800 damage suit against the U.S. Navy. He claimed that a horse owned by the U.S. Navy (for recreational purposes) collided with his automobile and wrecked it. The navy filed a counter-suit. "We had to shoot the horse," an officer explained.

Roger F. Hill, charged at Detroit with reckless driving, said he skidded his car and screeched his brakes to awaken his girl friend. The judge, fining him $50 and suspending his licence for two years, advised him to buy his girl an alarm clock.

To rout a rat in his car's upholstery, A. Elmvall of Stockholm, Sweden, filled his car with acetylene gas which exploded, blew the car's top over a two-storey house and shattered 300 windows. The rat escaped.

Constable C. J. Atkins testified in Raleigh, N.C., court that when he halted a weaving automobile driven by Newton A. Walters the driver told him, "I have been driving drunk for 20 years. I drive better that way." Walters was fined $300.

Exports make "pay day" possible for thousands of Canadians

What does it mean to Canadians when a company like Massey-Harris develops a world-wide market for its products? Surprising as it may seem at first glance, this export business can result in greatly expanding the "domestic market"—right here in our own country—for the products and services of many *other* Canadian industries and workers.

You see how this comes about when you consider this fact about 1952: Last year Massey-Harris spent in Canada—for materials, wages and services—$58,600,000.00 MORE than the total received from all Canadian sales of Massey-Harris products made in Canada.

Massey-Harris now makes machines for 105 other countries besides Canada . . . which calls for the production of more Canadian steel, lumber, paint, tires, batteries and other materials. Thus the export demand for Massey-Harris products not only gives hundreds of Canadians good jobs in Massey-Harris plants . . . also it helps the many other Canadian industries from which the Company buys, to keep employment and wages at high levels.

MASSEY-HARRIS

A CANADIAN COMPANY WITH A WORLD-WIDE ORGANIZATION

Letter from New York

Four Dazzling Mediocrities

THE USUAL LABOR DAY break in the weather came along just when it was expected. As all the summer people up and down the East Coast were having their last beach picnic or packing up to leave their rented houses and cottages, the skies turned grey, cold winds whipped across the lagoons and bays, and the water turned transparent with cold. "Carol," the third hurricane of the season, passed along the edge of the continental shelf, grazing the tip of Long Island and Nantucket, wrecked a Greek steamer dramatically, beat up a good many yachts and cruisers, and expired somewhere up north. The summer was officially over.

Getting back to New York had the usual quality of anti-climax for most people. In three whole months something should have happened to change the place, but nothing had. The Bronx Parkway is still a maze of half finished concrete bridges, piles of yellow earth and rock, and stretches of single line traffic. The Saw Mill River Parkway still peters out somewhere just short of Mount Kisco. Work is still proceeding on the Hendrik Hudson Drive, and the rush hour traffic jams round the George Washington Bridge are bigger and better than ever. The talk of doing something about that strange antique, the Third Avenue Elevated, is still talk. The Long Island Railroad is more inefficient, insolvent, and obsolete than ever, and commuting a little more horrible. The streets are a little dirtier than ever before, and the pits and holes left in them by the maintenance crews of Con-Edison and the other public utilities seem to be a little larger and deeper than in former years. And, as usual, it's good to be back, and nobody seems to care.

A new Mayor is to be elected in November, and with him a new administration to deal with all these and many other problems. The Democratic Primary for the candidates was run off the other day, and of the 2,100,000 registered Democratic voters, turned, reinvigorated and refreshed by their vacations, slightly less than 30 per cent trickled to the polls to show their preferences. Most of them were fed up with the gracefully ineffective Mayor Impellitteri, who came in so glamorously as a reform candidate three years ago to clean up the messes made by the machine politicians. The man they preferred was Mr. Wagner, the darling of Tammany, or rather, Mr. Wagner's supporters were slightly less apathetic than Mr. Impellitteri's.

About Mr. Wagner there is very little to be said. He stands well with the machine, and he spent a great deal of time seeing that he should do just that. He has little else to qualify him as head of the administration of this enormous city. Mayor Impellitteri will run on his own ticket, as head of the Experience Party, now that the Democrats have rejected him. His chances are negligible, since his own record has put him out of court as a reformer.

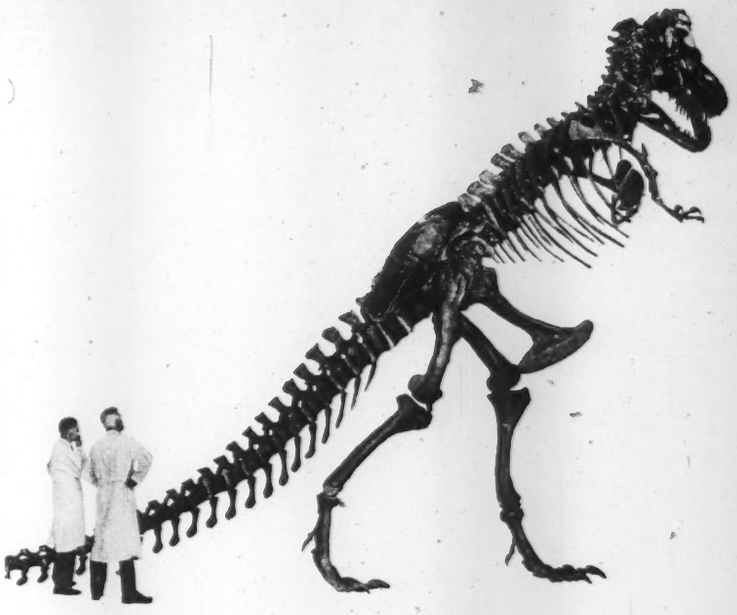
The other candidates will be a Liberal and a Republican. Mr. Halley, the Liberal, was a lawyer. He is a small man with spectacles and a curiously rasping courtroom voice which contrasts oddly with his normally quiet speech. He appeared from the ranks of his profession with startling abruptness when the touring television show presided over by Senator Kefauver — it was called a Crime Commission — came to New York. For days Mr. Halley occupied every television screen in the New York area, and he stole the show from the Senators on the Commission. When the New York run of the act was over, Halley was nearly a made man. But not quite. The show didn't come on at the right time to float Halley into the Mayor's office. The only post he could get for himself while the boom lasted was on the Board of Estimate, which reviews the city's budget.

In his capacity as a member of the board, Halley has shown an unfailing frivolity of mind and staggering irresponsibility. I met him in the Stork Club a while back with Leonard Lyons, a columnist on the New York *Daily News*, and I was surprised to see what he was like without the support of a television screen. He had the slightly lost look that oil paintings have when they are taken out of their frames and leaned up against the wall. He is, in fact, a television personality, and he doesn't quite exist in natural color at life size.

As for Mr. Riegelman, the Republican nominee, he is a dark horse indeed. But in this election that may be a positive advantage; if nobody in the city knows anything in his favor, they know nothing against him either. This may be enough, on the principle that no news is good news, to give New York a Republican Mayor in November. But with four dazzling mediocrities in the field almost anything may happen. Just how it comes about that the business capital of the world, and probably its richest city, comes to put on a contest of this order is one of the darker mysteries of life. But there it is; New York seems to be too busy to care who governs it or how.

I WAS saying that the talk of doing something about the Third Avenue Elevated is still talk. In a way I'm not sorry. The El not only stands as a monument to the long-suffering patience and docility of the New York public, but it also has considerable charm of its own. I don't know of any city in the world which has such a quaint, beat up, grubby old public utility still in operation.

I can remember some deliciously old-fashioned machinery devoted to shifting the lower-paid brand of com-



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ARTHRITIS?

It may surprise you to know that doctors . . . in their search for more knowledge about arthritis . . . have made intensive studies of the bones and joints of prehistoric dinosaurs. They have found that dinosaurs, like *Tyrannosaurus rex*, had arthritic joints.

As a result of these studies, medical science has learned much about the origin and history of arthritis, the joints that are most often affected by it, and how the disease damages them.

Arthritis has long been a leading cause of disability. Today there are about 600 thousand Canadians who have the disease in one of its many forms, the two most common of which are *osteoarthritis* and *rheumatoid arthritis*.

Of the two, osteoarthritis occurs most often. In fact, almost everyone who is beyond middle age has a touch of it, probably as a result of normal wear and tear on the joints.

Rheumatoid arthritis is the most severe form of the disease as it affects not only the joints, but the entire body. It usually begins between the ages of 20 and 50.

Not too long ago, arthritis . . . or "rheumatism" as it was then generally called . . . often meant a life of misery or some degree of crippling.

Today, the outlook is far brighter for many arthritics. Under modern treatment, *carefully adjusted to the needs of the individual patient*, doctors can do much to relieve or prevent pain and to lessen or prevent disability.

Treatment, however, must be started early for best results. Otherwise, lasting damage may be done to one or more joints.

Arthritis seldom, if ever, strikes suddenly and dramatically. Any person who complains of a generally "run down" condition, and who has slight but recurring attacks of pain, discomfort or swelling in or about the joints, should be promptly and thoroughly examined by his doctor . . . *before his trouble becomes disabling*.

Authorities emphasize that chronic arthritis is rarely, if ever, controlled by any single measure. They also say that the so-called "sure cures" for arthritis generally do little more than provide temporary relief. Before using any medicine for the treatment of arthritis, it is wise to have the doctor's advice.

What can medical science do to control arthritis? What are the chances for recovery? What can be done to help prevent arthritis? What are some of the new methods of treatment?

These and many other questions are discussed in Metropolitan's booklet entitled, "Arthritis." Use the handy coupon for your free copy which will be mailed upon request.

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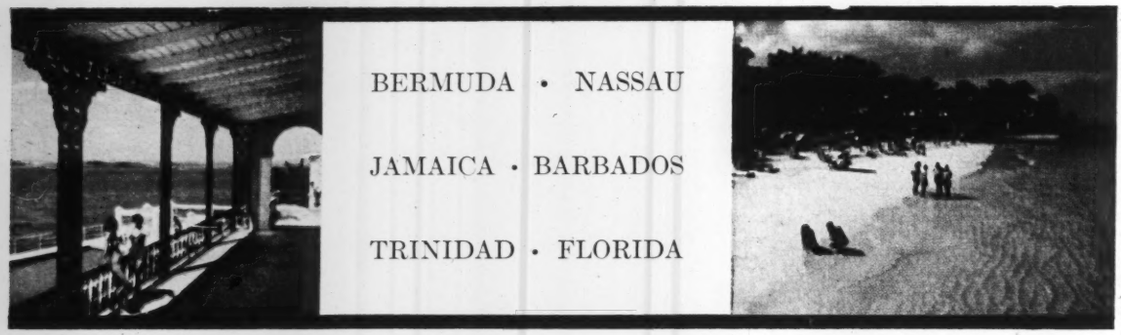
muter from place to place in various parts of the world in my extreme youth. The Paris suburban railroads had some double-decker, doorless coaches years ago that had a whiff of the Eighties about them; and the trains that came into Marylebone station in London after World War I for several years had their compartments lit through stained glass panels of a clerestory that dappled the commuters' faces with patches of purple, amber and red in a luxuriously Edwardian way; but all these survivals seemed modern compared to the Third Avenue El.

When you sit in its coaches, the modern clothes of the passengers look anachronistic; you feel all the men ought to be wearing stiff collars and boaters. It gives you quite a shock to see women getting off without first making a quick stoop to gather up the hem of their skirts. The wooden stations have to be seen to be believed, with their ruby-red and purple engraved glass windows, the old pot-bellied stoves in the vestibules, and their curiously Russian architecture—not even Moscow Russian at that, but a richly provincial style that recalls Minsk in the days of the Czars.

But great as the nostalgic pleasure is that can be derived from this antique, it amounts to very little when you set it off against the hell of noise and traffic confusion the El makes in Third Avenue below it. Like the dirty and dangerous Long Island Railroad, it is a blot on New York. It is not preserved by apathy, but by Mr. Quill's Transport Workers Union, which fights to the last ditch every effort to modernize and improve the city's transit system. As is so often the case, the Union is the conservative element which sticks to the bad old ways through thick and thin.

ANTHONY VEST



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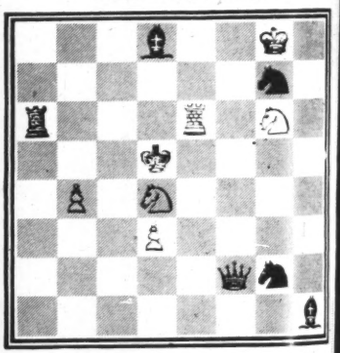
Chess Problem

POSTED ON ANY square of a clear chess board, the Rook always has command of fourteen other squares. With the Bishop the number varies from seven posted on any of the outer squares, to thirteen on the four central ones. We have one less maximum for the Bishop, because on an 8 x 8 board it cannot simultaneously control both long diagonals. When we turn to the maxima for these pieces in two-move problems, we find that the record achievement is eleven variations from the black Rook and nine from the black Bishop.

In most of these Rook tasks composers have had recourse to royal batteries, masked by the Rook posted between the two Kings. The following example is by H. Weenink:

White: K on QKt2; Q on Q6; Rs on QR4 and KKt2; Bs on QR1 and QKt1; Kts on QR5 and K1; Ps on QR2, QKt4, QKt5, Q2, K4, KB3 and KB4. Black: K on Q5; Q on KB1; R on QB3; Bs on QR1 and QKt1; Kt on QB1; P on Q4. Mate in two. Key-move 1.R-K2, with the familiar threat 2.PxR mate.

Problem No. 35, by P. Maracoulin.
Black—Six Pieces.



White—Seven Pieces.
White to play, mate in two.

With two black Rs the record is only thirteen variations. Alain White came close to making it sixteen in the following, but was forced to use an obtrusive white Kt for a guard.

White: K on Q2; Q on QR5; Rs on Q1 and KR6; Bs on QR2 and KB6; Kts on QKt2, QKt8 and KB2; Ps on QKt7 and KKt6. Black: K on Q3; Rs on QB3 and K3; Ps on QB3 and KB2. Mate in two. Key-move .PxP.

Solution of Problem No. 34.

Key-move 1.Q-Q2, threatening 2.Q-R5 mate. If BxP; 2.RxKt mate. If KtxP; 2.B-K6 mate. If Kt-Kt5; 2.Kt-B3 mate. If P-B6; 2.QxKt mate. If QxP; 2.BxQ mate.

The set replies to BxP and KtxP are respectively 2.RxQP and 2.Kt-B4 mate.

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Films

The Funny Man

BRITISH COMEDIES, I have discovered, are rather special and unpredictable. I suffered badly, for instance, through *Quiet Weekend* years ago, and turned in a querulous report on the dull domestic sprightliness that sometimes passes for comedy in the minds of British playwrights. But *Quiet Weekend* ran for months in the same theatre and made a triumphant return the following year for moviegoers who simply couldn't get enough of it.

So perhaps it is better not to make any predictions about *Folly to be Wise*, a British comedy which I dropped in to see one evening, and later went back to see all over again, largely for the sake of Alastair Sim, that wonderful man.

Folly to be Wise has a rather slow opening, and a cobweb plot that would flutter into rags at the wrong touch. It is adapted from a stage play by James Bridie, and the sure touch responsible for the original is everywhere in evidence in the screen version. The story has to do with the Reverend William Paris (Alastair Sim) who is given the assignment of handling entertainment for an army camp. He soon discovers that the schedule is overweighted with string quartets, lady madrigal singers and exponents of plain-song and canticles, so he decides to vary the program by recruiting a Brains Trust from the vicinity. The panel, when assembled, consists of a local Viscountess (Martita Hunt), an artist (Roland Culver), his authoress-wife (Elizabeth Allan), together with a country doctor, the local Labor member and a visiting expert from the BBC. Once this group sets to work on the problems of society, their findings and their platform behavior have the imprecision of good parody, at once wildly improbable and maliciously right.

Alastair Sim, who performs as chairman and organizer, naturally dominates these proceedings. As far as I am concerned, the British screen has few things better to offer than the sight of the large, distressed area that is Comedian Sim's remarkable face. A gifted character actor, he has never had to fall back on that rather tedious trick, the double-take. His face, which can accommodate any emotion, often takes on half a dozen at a time — shock, consternation, deprecation, anguish, despair, and all overlaid by a struggling sweet compliance, the willingness to agree with anyone about anything. He is at his fluid best as the Reverend William Paris.

The other members of the cast are almost as satisfactory as Mr. Sim, if not as variegated. I liked Roland Culver as the irascible artist and was particularly struck by the performance of Elizabeth Allan, who was once a pretty star in Hollywood.

MARY LOWREY ROSS

PORTRAIT OF CHARLES PARR BURNEY by SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A. 1769-1830. Canvas Size 25 x 30. PAINTED IN 1815

(From the Collection of J. C. Burney Cumming, Esq. a direct descendant of the sitter)

The painting is recorded in the work of Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., and has been in the possession of the descendants of the sitter until brought to Canada this month. It has never been offered for sale.

Charles Parr Burney, a member of the distinguished and talented Burney Family was a grandson of Dr. Charles Burney, the famous composer, musician, and member of the Dr. Johnson circle. He was nephew of Fanny D'Arblay, the Novelist and entered the church becoming Archdeacon of Colchester. This portrait shows him as a young man.

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Foreign Affairs

Germans For the European Army

BONN—There is going to be a European Army. The three-year old scheme has been given a tremendous impulse by the outcome of the German election, which places the surging political and economic power of this country solidly behind Chancellor Adenauer's policy.

The question has hardly been off the front page of the German press the whole time I have been here. By the time I reached Bonn, a few days ago, there was a "secret" exhibition (later opened to the press) of equipment which German manufacturers can supply to a German contingent. Yesterday's local paper headlined a big story on the exact number of officers, non-coms and men who would be needed. The flow of volunteers, it says, is now 500 a day, and the plans are ready for legislation to be passed by the new Bundestag so that the actual formation of cadres can begin within two weeks of the coming into force of the European Defence Community Treaty.

This is a vast change since the last time I was here, in October, 1950. At that time, German feeling was overwhelmingly against service in any kind of army, and the stock reply to a question on the subject was a bitter *ohne mich*—include me out. Nevertheless, I got a tip from a German general that, if there were a German contingent, the new military leaders would be Generals Speidel and Heusinger. This has turned out to be so, and our Canadian party managed to have a long talk with Heusinger about the preparatory work he is doing.

Heusinger was as frank as one could expect. He and Speidel both identify themselves with the opposition to Hitler; they knew of the bomb plot and approved of it as the only way to end the war. They have picked and expanded their group of leading officers carefully, examining their records during and since the war and their attitude towards the democratic state. All of the officers, the non-coms and the long-service specialist troops—a total of 120,000—will be volunteers, and 105,000 such have been registered already, though not all of these will prove suitable. The necessary officers from the rank of captain up, are all at hand. Heusinger wants these to be experienced; but he is not sorry, he says, that the junior officers and most non-coms will have to be new men, because only with new men can a new spirit be built in the army.

The men will be drafted, and a draft law is being prepared. The 12 divisions allotted to Germany—including four armored and four motorized—could be fielded in 2½ to 3 years, if they got the green light tomorrow. Heusinger admitted that he had heard that the Americans have all the heavy equipment stock-piled in the U.S. and France for these formations, but on his recent trip to the States he "had not seen it." The new Luftwaffe will be given its flying training with U.S. and British units in France and the Low Countries.

When asked the direct question, as to whether he thought the European Army would come into being, General Heusinger said he was convinced that Europe could not be defended without Germany. From the purely military point of view, it would be easier to build up national armies. But from the political point of view it was necessary for the European countries to co-operate. It was better to do this in peacetime than to be forced into it by war. If Europe were not unified within the next 10 years, he would be greatly concerned for its fate in the next century.

This feeling for European union is undeniably strong in Germans today. I tried out Vice-Chancellor Bluecher, head of the Free Democratic Party, which stands four-square for free enterprise, with a question as to whether the prosperous economy had not played a greater part than foreign affairs in the election victory. He firmly contradicted any such notion. Though he was known for his special interest in economic affairs, he found that the interest of his audience lay overwhelmingly in the question of Germany's part in a European Army and a European Union.

IT WOULD be folly to present the Germans as selfless idealists in this. Their interest in a European Union has increased with their strength, as they became more and more confident that they would be able to hold their own in it, or perhaps be the dominant member. Even so, such an ambition, within the carefully constructed framework of a democratic European Union tied in with NATO, is a very different thing from Hitler's New Order and should be much more welcome than a German ambition to re-estabish a national army within NATO.

It is an important fact in the situation that many Germans, from Adenauer down, don't want the old German Army reconstituted. They want many more years to build the democratic state securely, and fear that a national army would, even if indirectly, become a powerful political factor and perhaps an anti-democratic one. Thus the generals chosen are those who have publicly associated themselves with the attempt to remove Hitler. And a trade unionist, Theodor Blank, a civilian in charge of army matters, is the prospective Minister of Defence.

Blank has been assiduous in broadcasting his ideas for the new German

Army and the new German soldier. The soldier is to remain a citizen while in the armed forces, retain his voting right, and receive indoctrination in citizenship. To emphasize this, he will be allowed to wear civvies while on leave.

Symbolic of what has been happening to this nation's thinking, under the impact of one of the greatest defeats in history, is an illustrated booklet put out by the right-of-centre Free Democrats just before the election, called "Freedom in Arms". It is a plea to the Germans to help defend themselves by rearming, but to build a citizens' army like the Swiss Army. It argues that, while readiness to defend oneself means arming, arming does not necessarily mean militarism, power politics and war.

The pamphlet concludes, however, with the warning that democracy failed to make it clear before the last two wars that it would defend itself with all its strength and determination, and that such a doubt must never be allowed to arise again. "The goal of the defence policy of the West is not to make war, but to avert war."

These are fine words. But is this new German democracy secure enough to be trusted with an armed force? Once it gets it, will it not follow again the bad old ways? The question will not be banished. Nor can it be finally answered. One of our party asked President Heuss how he would compare the present German Republic with the Weimar Republic eight years after the First World War. He did so in this way: Germany's general position and her economic situation were much worse this time, but she formed relations with the victors much more rapidly. "The world understood more quickly than we could have believed, after what Germany had done to the world, that not all Germans were Nazis—though for years Allied propaganda had lumped them all together."

Then he made a most important point: the Weimar Republic had been put together from some 15 to 20 principalities; the German people were then accustomed to monarchal traditions; many were strongly attached or even bound by oath to various royal families; they looked upon the republic as a break in the German tradition and never could accept it. Since then a whole new generation has grown up which knows nothing of monarchist traditions and takes to the new state much more readily.

A Berlin editor, Ernst Lemmer, who supports Adenauer, carried this comparison a step further for me. The Weimar Republic, he said, was always opposed fanatically by strong elements of the population, on both the Right and the Left. He ought to know, because he belonged in the democratic middle, in the Rathenau party. Now, the right has been cured by the Hitler experience, and the Left by the intrusion of Soviet power into the heart of Germany. For the great majority of Germans today, democracy really does seem the best system.

There is another thing which is quite evidently recommending the democratic system strongly to the Germans these days, and that is the success of the present government which is working much better than did the Weimar system.

Now they are discovering that the medicine which is supposed to be good for them also tastes good. These extremely able people have become interested in what makes a democracy work well.

No one, not even Adenauer, can guarantee that the Germans will remain good democrats and be safe with their new arms. But I am bound to say that the political atmosphere is healthier here than I have ever found it before. The moral atmosphere, too, is encouraging. Consider this front-page editorial in the most widely-read paper in the country:

"Yesterday at 9:15 a.m. the sirens screamed in Nuremberg. More than a thousand people had to abandon their homes and move to a camp. 100,000 others waited in cellars, or were taken out of the city. Someone had stumbled on an inheritance of the past. It was a land-mine, weighing two tons, a frightful thing from a frightful time, now nearly ten years past . . .

"The land-mine was successfully dug up and defused. And that is a good omen for all of us. When we stumble on the inheritance of the past which lies deep in all of us, we can do nothing better, as individuals or as a people, than to dig it up and defuse it. Then we can advance into the future a few hundred-weight lighter!" WILLSON WOODSIDE

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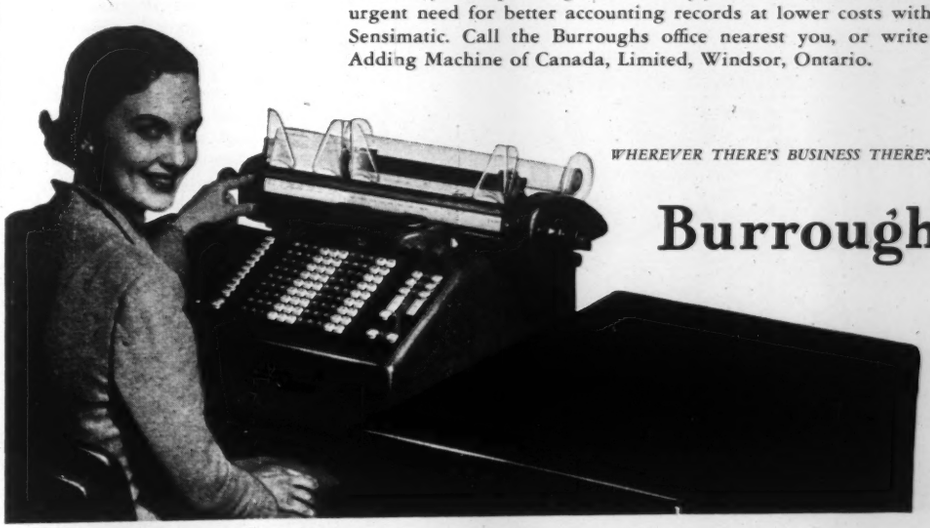

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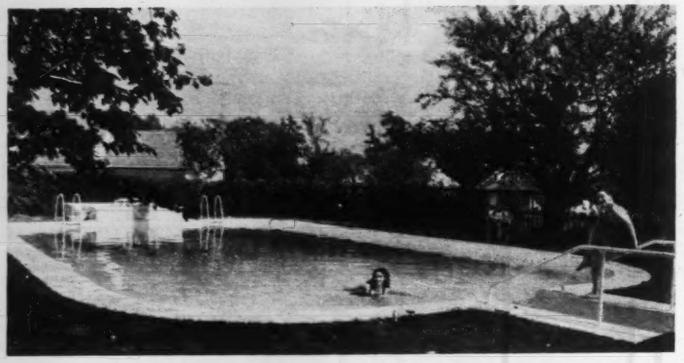

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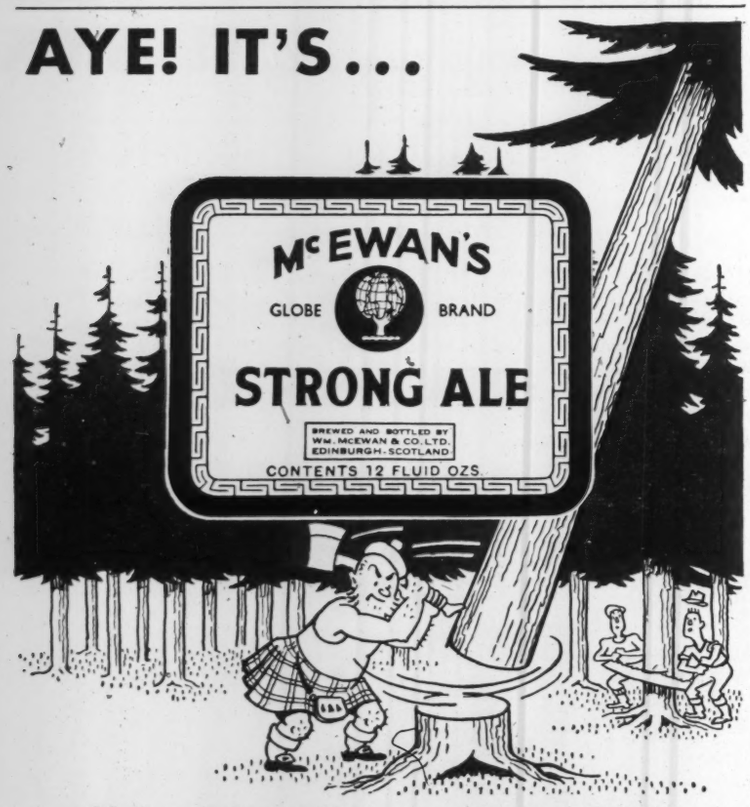

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Ottawa Letter

The Change in the Social Climate

ELDERLY RESIDENTS of Ottawa often comment upon the great change they have witnessed in the capital's social atmosphere at the higher levels. At the beginning of this century, British nobles of ancient lineage and members of the Royal Family, when they served as Governors-General invested Rideau Hall with many of the trappings of a monarchical court, and their hospitality was dispensed with a formidable formality. But a relaxation was initiated by Lord Byng, and this was carried further by some of his successors, notably by the Marquess of Willingdon and the Earl Alexander of Tunis.

Up till the outbreak of the First World War, the occupants of Rideau Hall were followed in social precedence by Ministers and their families. On the Liberal side, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir Clifford Sifton, the Hon. Sydney Fisher, Senator George P. Graham and other prominent members of this party's hierarchy liked to cultivate what might be called the social graces. They were assiduous "clubmen", who frequented the Rideau, the Royal Ottawa Golf and the Country Clubs; they were fond of giving pleasant dinner parties in their own homes and of organizing theatre parties in the days when Ottawa had a decent theatre. On the Conservative side, Sir Robert Borden, Sir George Perley, Sir Edward Kemp, the Hon. Robert Rogers, Senator E. N. Rhodes and others were not behind their Liberal opponents in their zest for promoting social amenities.

It is true that close friendships between politicians of different stripes were rare, but hostesses could always be sure that political differences would be foresworn at social gatherings. Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Sir Robert Borden were close personal friends until the conscription controversy produced a temporary cooling of their mutual regard, and Lord Bennett had no more intimate crony in Ottawa than Senator Charles Murphy, an ardent Liberal.

The next rungs on the social ladder were occupied by the wealthier citizens of Ottawa and the leaders of the learned professions. Members of old lumber families like Sir Henry Egan, leaders of the Bar like J. S. Ewart, KC, editors like P. D. Ross and bankers of good social standing like Robert Gill were on terms of intimacy with most of the leading politicians; they dined and wined with them and played golf and cards in their company. Deputy Ministers also enjoyed a good social status and 40 years ago managed to live in considerable style on annual incomes of $3500. When Mackenzie King was earning this salary as Deputy Minister of Labor, he was rated the most eligible bachelor in Ottawa. But, if there was a substantial element of snobbishness in the bygone social life of Ottawa and it retained a somewhat provincial flavor, it was lively and not its least valuable feature was the free commingling of the

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leading politicians and the rest of the community.

The First World War ended a social milieu which had begun with Confederation, and a complete transformation of it is now visible. Very few of the political magnates of the present generation are socially minded, and, at least in the House of Commons, members of great wealth are as scarce as great orators.

When the House was considerably smaller than it is today, it contributed to the Rideau Club almost twice as many members. Prime Minister St. Laurent graces it occasionally at lunch, and Mr. Howe, Mr. Abbott and Mr. Pearson are fairly regular habitués of it for the same meal, but none of the other Ministers who belong to it, can be described as clubmen. Among the Conservatives, Mr. Drew, Mr. Adamson and Mr. Nickle are the only regular users of the club, and no member of either the CCF or the Social Credit party belongs to it.

Nowadays, neither Ministers nor leaders of the parties in opposition give in their own homes or at one of the clubs such dinner parties as Sir George Perley and Senator George P. Graham used to give; for one thing, the cost of such hospitality has grown enormously, and for another, the servants who made it possible are simply not available. However, the Cabinet has nowadays at its disposal a hospitality fund, and when some distinguished visitor like Anthony Eden comes to Ottawa, it is drawn upon to invite a carefully selected list of guests to meet him at dinner.

In the social life of the political fraternity the barrier of partisan cleavage is rarely let down. At Westminster, members of the Conservative and Labor parties lunch and dine together and exchange views freely in a common smoking room. But at Ottawa it is very uncommon to see members of different parties at the same table, and even inside the Liberal party, the French-speaking members seem to have a marked preference for the company of their racial compatriots at meals.

Vacuums are usually filled from some source, however, and during the past decade the social life of Ottawa has received a fresh stimulus from the diplomatic establishments of the other nations of the Commonwealth and foreign countries. Today there are over 50 High Commissioners, Ambassadors and Ministers, all provided with ample staffs, stationed in Ottawa. The members of this large diplomatic corps are drawn mostly from the same stratum of society; they have usually lived in other capitals and, as a result, have acquired a certain cosmopolitan outlook upon life. Diplomats and their wives have perforce to be socially minded or they could not perform their duties with efficiency, and most of them, before they reach Ottawa, have acquired social poise and valuable experience in the art of hospitality. For practising it, they usually have good special allowances, which enable them to pay the high wages now demanded by the almost extinct breed of competent servants, and their immunity from taxation on their liquor and tobacco diminishes materially the cost of their entertainments. As a result the diplomatic establishments of Ottawa are today the most assiduous purveyors of hospitality in the city, and, during the winter at least, scarcely a day passes that at least one of them is not the scene of a cocktail party or dinner.

If a diplomat has an important visitor from his own country on his hands, the common practice is to parade him before 50 or a 100 other guests at a cocktail party beginning at 5:30 or 6 p.m., and then to give him later in the evening a chance of meeting really important political figures at a select dinner party, at which there can be a frank exchange of views.

Invitations to these parties of the diplomatic circle are highly prized and while they are often lively affairs, they can sometimes be deadly dull. Normally about half of the guests at them are members of the staffs of similar establishments, but there is always a fair sprinkling of politicians, high civil servants and private citizens of Ottawa plus their consorts.

Then, as the result of the great expansion of our armed forces in recent years, Ottawa today harbors a substantial bevy of officers of the highest rank, who are much in evidence at the diplomatic parties and with whom the foreign attachés concerned with problems of warfare cultivate friendly relations.

As a consequence of the invasion of the diplomats, there is probably more social activity in Ottawa than there was 40 years ago, but it is of quite a different quality.

JOHN A. STEVENSON

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Music

Terrible Pitfalls

THE OTHER DAY I heard a performance of poor Schumann's beautiful piano concerto in A minor. The work was written for a woman, Clara Schumann, and in this performance it was played by a woman, Eileen Joyce. Just over a hundred years have passed since it was written. Then, Schumann was leading the League of David, an imaginary society devoted to routing the artistic Philistines. He assailed them with essays on music, and with compositions; both came equally handy. The Philistines are still with us, but the Horrible New Music to which they are now objecting is very different. Schumann's Philistines were routed long ago.

I should like to think it was the articles that did it, rather than the music, but I am quite sure it was not. Only musicologists know very much about the League of David. It is Schumann's music that remains; nervous and expressive, it rises and falls in waves of gorgeous fragments. Very rarely does it overwhelm us with a constant flood; it rather throbs and gushes as if from the artist's laboring heart. It is the music of personality, the music of an individual, the music of Romanticism.

It was about this time that the great change took place in musical taste. Or rather, a new set of judgments was added to the old ones. (In art, the new does not as a rule replace the old; it adds to it instead.) In earlier days, the composer's intention had been to raise citadels of beauty. The artist's highest praise could be found in Haydn's words about the young Mozart: "I declare to you before God, as a man of honor, that your son is the greatest composer that I know, either personally or by reputation; he has taste, and beyond that the most consummate knowledge of the art of composition." Taste and knowledge of the art: those were the great guiding principles as the century-plant of classical music shot up the standard of flowers that had been so many years in the making, to bloom and then to die, fulfilled.

Not fifty years later, Schumann welcomed Chopin with the famous salute, "Hat's off, gentlemen, a genius!", and ended his praise of Chopin with the words, "I shall bow my head before such genius, such aspiration, such mastery." Mastery is no doubt the same as knowledge of the art; but what about aspiration? Perhaps that had been taken for granted in the earlier age, but now it was necessary to mention and to approve it explicitly. The new idea is that of *genius*; the spirit, the breath of creation, above all, the new and individual voice, saying something that has never been heard before; the voice

It's not all show...

. . . with the beaver. He collects more wood than he needs for either his dam or his home. He carefully stores many sticks with their tender bark at the bottom of the pond. When the ice comes and he can no longer search for food, he has enough to carry him through the long winter months.

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on whose lips there sounds the eternal message of the prophets, "Ye have heard it said that certain things are so, but I say unto you that former things have passed away, and here is great good news."

Nowadays, we know only too well the shadows cast by the light that fell on Schumann. We know how many composers have set originality so far above all the other merits that they judge and are judged, almost solely on whether their work has or has not any discernible antecedents. But though it has cast shadows, that light of Romanticism has given much needed illumination, and I do not see how we should walk without it.

But if you are resting your case on personal expression and originality, there are grave dangers. What if the personality you express is not interesting? What if it is less than the personality of the man you are addressing? And what if you are so original that your ideas, great though they may be, are simply not being communicated? These are the risks you run; these are the new responsibilities you must shoulder in exchange for the new rights you are given by Romanticism.

I THINK Goethe foresaw this; I think he anticipated the terrible pitfalls that were being dug for the second-rate. And this is why he remained always suspicious of Beethoven, seeming to think that this kind of stuff might be all very well in the hands of the great artist, but in the hands of a lesser man might result in the art of music itself melting away and turning into nothing but self-expression in sound, and losing that quality of communication without which an art no longer exists.

Schumann and his contemporaries were well aware of this, too. Indeed, it was forced upon them. For the first time, a kind of music was being generally written which had to be explained. Many of the great composers took up their pens, presumably in self-defence, and turned polemicists: Schumann, Weber and Berlioz, then Liszt and Wagner. The new music not only had to be done, it had to be advocated and explained. There had been musical controversy before, and plenty of it. But all this was not so much controversy as a concerted effort to help the wider understanding of the new experiences being offered.

From this time, I suppose, there dates the odd idea that music criticism actually influences the course of the art. It may occasionally help if the passengers see where the vessel is heading; but the navigation, as always, remains in the hands of the crew, the artists themselves. Wagner's operas are popular for themselves, not because Wagner wrote long books explaining why they ought to be liked. It is the thing that is done that is influential, not the thing that is said.

Tovey has pointed out that the body of an art consists of the works of art themselves, not the rules by which some artists may be helped towards achieving the results. There had been, naturally, systems of composition and books in which the rules were laid out for students. Fux's *Gradus Ad Parnassum*, written in 1715, still has its uses. But the change in point of view is, I think, as simple as this. When Wagner writes something called *The Art Work of the Future*, it turns out to be a long essay. When Bach writes something called *The Art of the Fugue*, it turns out to be a set of fugues. Wagner thinks he ought to tell us; Bach thinks he ought to show us. In the end, Wagner made his impression, too, but by what he showed us, not by what he told us.

It is interesting that Schumann himself, at the very beginning of this age of explanation, was alert to the danger, and set out his views in a memorable passage, which ought to be engraved on the skulls of all us critics: "What is a whole year of a musical paper compared to a concerto by Chopin? What is a critic's rage compared to the poetic frenzy? What are ten complimentary addresses to the editor compared to the *Adagio* in the second concerto? And believe me, Davidites, I should not think you worth the trouble of talking to, did I not believe you capable of composing such works as those you write about, with the exception of a few such as this concerto. Away with your musical journals! It should be the highest endeavor of a just critic to render himself wholly unnecessary; the best discourse on music is silence. Why write about Chopin? Why not create at first hand: play, write and compose?"

LISTER SINCLAIR

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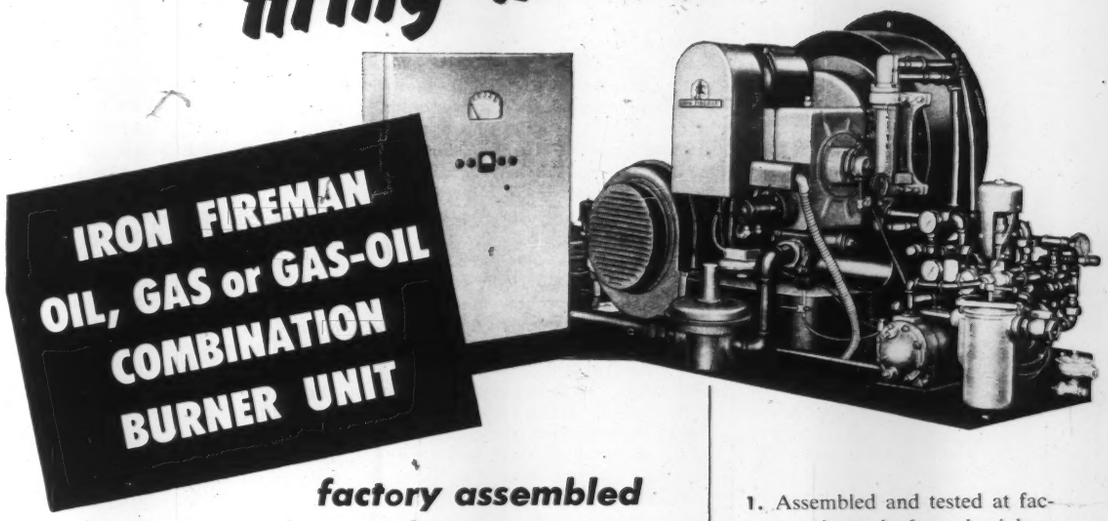

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Television

A Man of Moods and Laughs

IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE of *TeleVision Life*, a magazine devoted to the studio and domestic doings of the aristocrats of the 21-inch screen, has awarded Jackie Gleason its "The Most Individualistic Entertainer of 1953" award. What the magazine means, of course, is that Gleason is the most original entertainer on television, and not, as the misuse of the word "individualistic" would have us think, the most self-centred egotist on TV, a position vied for by many other comedians.

In making the award, the magazine says, "No comedian on television today is as much an actor as Jackie Gleason. He has proved himself in drama and comedy, in music and writing. Week after week he has shown that he is more than a gag man—that he can play many roles and bring to life many moods. Therefore, not only for his rich comedy and broad burlesque, but also for his work as a composer and conductor on his own show, and for his sensitive performance in the *Studio One* production of 'The Laugh Maker', the editors of *TeleVision Life* proudly name Jackie Gleason for this award."

We didn't catch his *Studio One* effort, but 8 p.m. every Saturday evening finds us glued to our chair watching his antics as The Loudmouth and Reggie Van Gleason, and as one half of the team of Gleason and Audrey Meadows in their skit, The Honeymooners.

A friend of ours recently called Gleason the funniest man since Charlie Chaplin, and although we won't go quite that far, we'll willingly back up the statement that he is the funniest man in TV. His humor relies on situation rather than the topical gag, and he has the actor's ability not only to project himself into a part but to drag his audience into it with him. When he wins a thousand-dollar prize at a baseball game, we share his enthusiasm, and we feel his disappointment when he discovers he can't claim it without revealing that he pretended to be ill in order to take the day off to see the game.

Unlike some television settings, those in the Jackie Gleason Show are authentic, especially the tenement kitchen, and they withstand the mad carryings-on of Gleason and Co. without shimmering like jelly, as too many television doors and walls have a habit of doing at times. To a sociological purist, the tenement interior may be a little too stark for the home of a New York bus-driver (Gleason's television vocation in the skit), but to this viewer it is a welcome change from the posh, upper middle class abode of William Bendix (supposedly a welder) in "The Life Of Riley" and the pretentious mansion inhabited by the Nelson Family (Ozzie's television profession unknown) in "Ozzie and Harriet".

In another of his weekly skits, Gleason plays the part of "Reggie Van Gleason", the alcoholic scion of a zany but socially prominent family. It is Reggie's fate to be left alone in the evenings, dressed in white tie and tails, in the company of a pretty serving wench, attired in the briefest parlor maid's uniform seen on a screen since the death of W. C. Fields. His living room is equipped with an endless belt, upon which tumblers of his favorite libation appear at the propitious moment. He snares these drinks with an air of bored nonchalance reminiscent of Chaplin in his prime.

Like all the great funny men, he is the pathetic plaything of circumstance, and he can evoke sympathy as well as laughter from his audience. Unlike many television comedians, he is a master of pantomime.

Someday we hope to do a comparative criticism of television comics and their routines, but until then we will stick to our claim that Jackie Gleason is the funniest man on TV.

H.G

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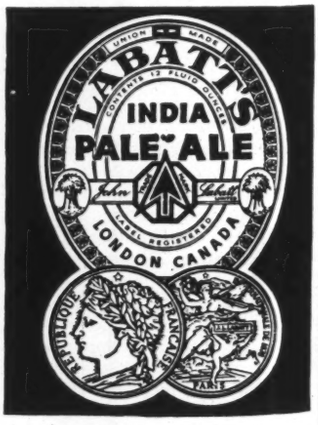

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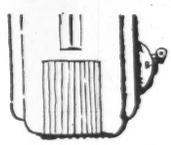
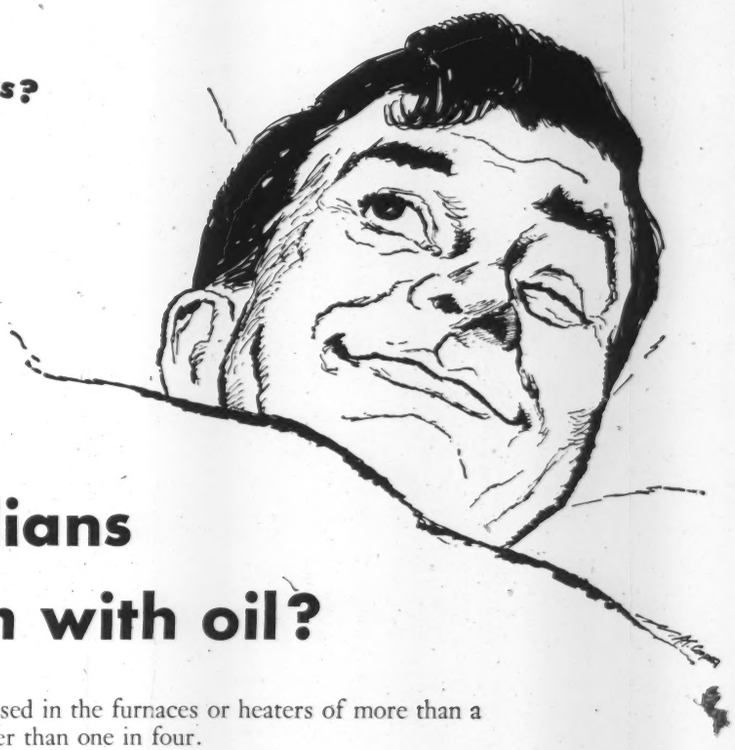


1½ millions?

2¼ millions?

4 millions?



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Lighter Side

The Bargain List

MISS A. BURST into my living room her eyes shining, a magazine under her arm. "Well, I've made up my mind," she said. "I'm going to buy myself a home in England!"

She sat down and opened the magazine. "Listen to this!" she said. "'Delightful Elizabethan cottage in Ringwood, Hants. Having Forest Rights and heavily oak-beamed ceilings. Lounge, four bedrooms, Aga cooker in kitchen, walled fruit-garden and water meadow.' And only £4000! In dollars that's just about what they want for one of those horrid little four-roomed bungalows with a cement porch and a twenty-foot frontage."

"Let's see it," I said eagerly and she handed over the magazine.

It was an English country magazine, handsomely illustrated. I leafed through the real estate columns. "Why it's practically a fire-sale of the stately homes of England!" I said. "Listen to this one: 'XIV century stone house in the calm atmosphere of church precincts. Four reception rooms, five bedrooms, Lily pond and Aga cooker. Stands on site of Benedictine Priory founded 1124.' You'd be like a character in an Anthony Trollope novel."

Miss A. drew a deep breath. "England!" she said.

"You could even have the local Dr. Proudie and all the local gentry in for crumpets," I said.

"In time," Miss A. said cautiously. "Naturally as a newcomer I wouldn't want to appear pushing. Supposing they didn't come!"

"In that case you could always throw yourself into the lily pond," I said. "Oh-h, listen to this one: 'Fifteenth Century stone manor house. Great Hall with carved oak screen, 40 foot ball-room and stone newel stair case. Requires careful adaptation and only asks to be restored to its former dignity as one of the lesser manor homes of England. £6500'!"

"Imagine!" Miss A. said; and in the silence that followed we could almost hear the well-placed accents of the XV Century manor house pleading for restoration in tones that conferred a favor in asking one.

I went on with the recital. "'Lord's Parlour with carved oak beams, eight bedrooms with hand wash-basins, bailiff's office, milking parlour, cow-box, calving-house, spinney and paddock, tithe barn, and eight-bay hovel' . . . It reads almost like Chaucer, doesn't it?"

Miss A. nodded. "I wonder what the restoration would involve," she said.

"Probably a little topiary work," I said, "and an Aga cooker in the kitchen."

"Topiary work?" Miss A. asked.

"Carving peacocks and pheasants out of the yew-hedge," I said. "Maybe your bailiff could double as a topiarist in an emergency."

"And settle down in the six-bay hovel I suppose," Miss A. said, and reached for the magazine.

"Just a minute," I said. "I want to see if any of them advertise a ghost."

"Ghosts!" Miss A. said scornfully.

I said it was something she couldn't afford to overlook. "Before you lay any money on the line," I pointed out, "you'd better be sure you aren't going to be interrupted evenings by some former tenant wailing for her demon lover in the carved oak gallery."

A little of the glow went out of Miss A.'s face. After a moment she asked sombrely, "What did you mean by saying they wouldn't come for crumpets?"

"I didn't say it; you did," I pointed out. "However, it's quite possible that people who have been living ever since the 12th or 13th century in a setting of clerical precincts and Lord's Parlours and tithe barns and that sort of thing might want to keep themselves to themselves. After all we belong to a civilization where hardly anything is over a century old!

Miss A. flushed. "Except the Rocky Mountains," she said, "and the Laurentian Shield, and . . . and Chubb Lake."

"They don't count," I said. "We don't have Elizabethan cottages with forest rights, and manors built on the site of Benedictine priories dating back to 1124. We just have suburban developments and super-markets and wheat elevators, and warehouses built on the site of the Toronto waterfront fire back in 1904. Come to think of it, we haven't even got a flag."

MISS A. rose and picked up her magazine. "I don't know how you feel about it," she said, "but I happen to be proud of being a Canadian."

"I am proud of our young and vigorous people," she went on, "and our free expanding civilization. I am even proud of our super-markets and our warehouses and elevators, the signs of our abundant living."

"And our four-room suburban bungalows?" I asked.

"Why not?" Miss A. said. "After all many people might prefer a four-room suburban bungalow in a friendly neighborhood to a XV Century manor house with an Aga Cooker in the kitchen instead of central heating."

"Now you're talking like a Canadian," I said.

We went to the door. "Still there's something to be said for a civilization with a great past," Miss A. said, the thought of the rejected crumpets beginning to recede.

"And something for one with a great future," I said. "The met or flag of Canada may yet terrific bu n."

MARY LOWRE Ross

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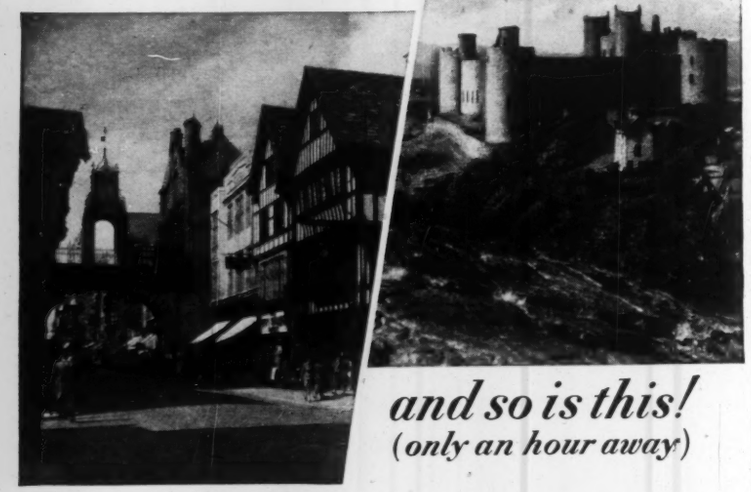

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Current Account

Castles, Cloisters and a Cat

WHAT YOU RECALL, when you check back over the map and the guidebook, and what you really remember of a car trip are, for better or for worse, quite different matters. A few days ago, for example, I started around Brittany in an Austin and have already paid my respects to about twenty double-starred placenames in the *Guide Michelin*. Rennes, St. Malo, Mont-St.-Michel, Combourg . . . Combourg?

Ah, yes, that was where I sat on a ground-level French stump eating lunch (*pique-nique*), observed by a hen and ten chicks and shadowed by tall melancholy oaks. Melancholy oaks! Of course, that was the grounds of Chateaubriand's castle, now his museum, the romantic pile in which he suffered his lonely adolescence. "Silence everywhere, obscurity, and the haunting countenance of stone." Yes, a great conical-towered mediaeval castle, still as remote and sombre as any reader of the *Mémoires d'outre-tombe* could wish, with slate-roofed turrets looking down from afar on a reedy lake and an indifferent village. I recall this now, thumbing through the view-cards I bought from the gatekeeper. "Ce n'est-pas la coutume," he murmured vaguely, eyeing the naked loaf in my lunchbag. But when I paid double for the post-cards, he led me to the stump, conveniently oak-screened from the castle's eyes. These things I do remember, and the sound, rising over the groan of the tree-trunks rubbing together in the wind, of Frankie Laine weeping from the radio in the castle's kitchen.

Then where did I go? St. Brieuc? No. Dinan first, where I am sure there was another imposing castle, and streets of old houses, and flower-hung ramparts. *Michelin* says so, but in Dinan it was raining with the efficiency of a wet February in Prince Rupert. In St. Brieuc, "avec son église-forteresse", it was still raining. In Paimpol, which Loti's Iceland Fishermen claimed as home port, it lightened only enough for me to see how late it was on the clock of the *clocher isolé* (no stars), and I pushed on to Tréguier.

But in Tréguier the sun came out. It glinted on the perforated steeple of St. Tugdual's cathedral and lanced through the great flamboyant window to gleam on rich Renaissance choir-stalls and the lank wooden torso of a six-hundred-year-old Christ suffering above the high altar. As I walked in the silent cloister, the sun brought swallows chittering out from the eaves and lured a grave black cat from the shelter of a bishop's tomb to curl himself into dream on the blessed warm flagstones. It shone too on the noisy secular square and on Ernest Renan, dubious believer but native sun of Tréguier, whose powerful copper countenance is turned away both from the Church and the farm-chequered hills toward the green gleam of the sea. All these things I hope to remember, but I know I will not forget that the sun shone in Trégu ier.

As for Perros-Guirec, fifteen miles farther along the coast, I am not so sure. There was a curious church, I think; there were certainly some battered German blockhouses rooted in the white sea-sands. But I remember mainly that I was hungry and that the waitress stopped between the mutton (underdone) and the *petit pois* (overdone) to have her own dinner.

A few miles farther there was a crawfish port spelled Ploumanac'h and pronounced only by the natives. This is where Guirec, one of the many displaced persons from the Anglo-Saxon invasions of Britain, landed and achieved a sainthood recognized, if not in Rome, at least in Ploumanac'h. On a pink headland nearby there is a curious wooden statue of him, its nose worn away by pins stuck in it by pious local maidens in search of a husband. A bizarre sight—but checking back to *Michelin*, I find that I did not see it. That venerable wooden pincushion was replaced a few years ago by a solid granite effigy, and the sale of pins in the village shops has returned to normal.

But I did see St. Michel-en-Grève, which is not at all the same place as Mont-St.-Michel, though very beautiful too. I remember it certainly. I slept there, and ate hot rolls the next morning on a cliff-edge terrace with a lonely Englishman who complained that his wife would drink only water and was, in consequence, spending her holiday, and his, in bed with dysentery.

The next morning—*this* morning in fact? Well, there was Morlaix, "avec son énorme viaduc", and its charming old quais deepset in a drowned river-valley; but the rain was back, drowning the uplands too, and at the moment I remember the tick of my windshield wiper as I shoved on to St. Thégonnec.

RAIN and all, I won't forget Finistère's St. Thégonnec. For here was my first sight of a genuine two-star "enclos paroissial", something very Breton and surprising and beautiful. St. Thégonnec is a farm village of about 2,500 people which—admittedly with the combined help of a score of generations—has turned its graveyard into a kind of open-air museum of sculptured art and a democratic memorial both to Death and to the hope of Life. I entered St. Thégonnec's graveyard not through grim Pittsburg-iron gates but under hand-wrought Renaissance *porte triomphale*, for the pious Breton feels no entrance is too splendid into the earthly home of those who have gone to heavenly glory.

I came then to an ossuary not a dark Saxon charnel-house, but a

brig[illegible] little Celtic *musée,* from its car[illegible] granite exterior and the quiet cha[illegible] inside, down to the life-size woo[illegible]n statue-group that almost fills the [illegible]pt, a representation of the lowering of Christ into the sepulchre—unfa[illegible]ionably "realistic" if you like, but [illegible]rought by craftsmen who were hon[illegible] and unafraid of emotion and ded[illegible]ted to the communication of it. And[illegible]here was more; there was the supe[illegible] domed entry to the church itself[illegible]seemingly unweathered since it was [illegible]arved by the masons of Henri Qua[illegible]e's day; there was the whorled mag[illegible]ficence of the medallioned pulpit; [illegible]d, out under the quiet churchyard[illegible]skies again, there was a Breton *Cal[illegible]re.*

It was no mere cross; grouped arou[illegible]d and below the crucified Christ mov[illegible]d a granite tableau, in full sculpture [illegible]of the whole Passion and the event[illegible]s leading up to it, the tortured thieves on their own crosses, the mourning women—in Breton costumes—and the sadistic centurions (what repressions the seventeenth century carvers sublimated in Breton churchyards!).

All this I do not need *Michelin* to remember. Perhaps I began, in my uncatholic way, by smiling fondly at the naïveté of the conceptions, but I went out through the lichened archway with a lasting vision of the beauty that the living once made from the contemplation of death.

EARLE BIRNEY

•

They Say:

The Montrealer: Television in Montreal has been a fact long enough now for some sort of appraisal to be made. This is an easy task. It is unbelievably bad. Appraisals are only useful if they provide a basis for improvement. Here, apparently, we are up against a stone wall. The bureaucrats and functionaries who decide what looking and listening we are to have, and who are charged with the task of providing it, seem at this writing to be in an impregnable position.

Every time any move is made in parliament to make adjustments in the autocratic position of the CBC the advocates of mother-knows-best state control manage to have the case presented as if it all boiled down to a choice between virtue and sin. The association representing the private interests, on the other hand, are, to our way of thinking, equally to blame. The story is characteristically put forward as a plea for fair play—for the private interests. We believe that the average voter is only mildly interested in seeing that the private interests in the field of TV and radio get a decent break. They presume that the owners of private radio stations make a lot of money anyway, and that, when it comes down to it, they are exploiting the air above us, which in some vague way, probably belongs to the people.

But the average man and woman is interested in is his or her own pleasure. In radio the private stations in most localities are chosen by preference to the CBC. But in television, in Montreal, there is no such choice. Where it is possible, in the Toronto, Hamilton, Niagara districts of Ontario, the American TV stations are selected over the CBC station in Toronto in a ratio of three to one. In this manner the CBC is, of course, defeating its own terms of reference by inducing Canadians to expose themselves to Americanization — if indeed that stupid argument has any force whatsoever.

Ah, but the advocates of state monopoly cry, just wait a little. CBC television is still new. Wait till the little fixers have learned more about it. Nonsense! They've had a good deal more than a decade to learn all about it, and they have displayed a resolute determination to learn nothing that they do not stumble upon through their own amateurish efforts.

Television in Canada has been a fact long enough now to have become a great national scandal. We refer primarily to the vast expenditures of public tax money for the purpose of producing programs which the vast majority of the audience, in those special areas which have been favored, regard as a waste of time, talent and their own tax dollars. And, so far, no political party has had the courage to suggest a remedy in terms which give any promise of action.

Of course, the basic principle, that the air belongs to the public, and should therefore be used only by a bureaucratic contraption set up by the government, has always seemed to us open to question. The lungs of a singer of opera or torch song on the stage of a theatre use up a good deal of this public air, and no one complains. True, if you wish to harangue people in favor of some cause or other you do have to obtain some kind of a permit, but it's seldom denied. In television, however, the private interests are not anxious to use the airwaves for propaganda (as the CBC so often does) but merely to entertain. For it is as a result of their ability to hold interest that their revenue increases or falls. The CBC has tried that. They are not entertaining; the public is not amused. Get the hook!

Owen Sound Sun-Times: It never ceases to amaze us how much room the families of a few decades ago required when you see how many families now live, and in apparent comfort, in the same space one family used to take up.

Dean Eagle in Louisville, Ky., Courier-Journal: The great horse Citation, now retired, won more than a million bucks — $1,058,760 to be exact. Yet his brilliant record is grim testimony to a fact that horse bettors already are aware of: Only horses beat horses regularly; people rarely beat them.

If you had wagered $2 on the nose of Citation every time he ran you would have made about enough to buy a pair of shoes. Citation ran in 43 betting races, won 31 times. Thus, at the rate of $2 a race, you would have invested $86. Citation's win mutuels totaled $99.50, so you would have made a profit of $13.50.

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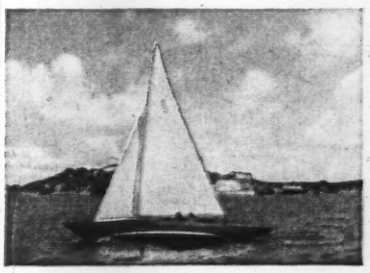

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Books

Two Thomases and One Cain

EVERY WEEK a reviewer reads a number of books and makes up his mind which he will write about. Sometimes one book demands an article to itself; sometimes two or three books make up a convenient group; but there are always weeks when no book rises triumphant above the others, when no group emerges, and when his article must appear to be made up of scraps. This is such a week. There are three books of fiction which need more attention than one of our briefer notices can provide, but which cannot be made to hang together. Scraps it must be, then. But they are interesting scraps.

The first is an unusual novel called *The Doctor and The Devils*. It is not really a novel, but it is not quite a film scenario, which is what the publishers call it. It could easily have been a mess, for like most films the "story line" is written by one man, and the shape, emphasis and dialogue are provided by another. Such collaborations are often successful as films, but they make weary reading. In this case the story is a re-telling by Donald Taylor of the careers of Burke and Hare, the nineteenth century Edinburgh grave-robbers, and their association with Dr. Knox, the great anatomist. But for some motive of delicacy which I cannot appreciate, the resurrection men are called Fallon and Broom, and the anatomist is Dr. Thomas Rock. The book is written in the form of a movie shooting script, but with the technicalities left out, except for directions to "cut" and "dissolve".

What gives the book its remarkable quality is the fact that these bare bones have been clothed by Dylan Thomas, who is one of the greatest living poets, and a prose writer of genius. It is always astonishing to find how many people think that poetry is a complex and wilfully obscure way of expressing thought or emotion: real poetry is always the most direct and effective way of expression, and if complex thought makes complex expression it is because a complex thought is robbed of its character if it is too greatly simplified. Reading *The Doctor and The Devils* is an exhilarating and demanding experience. Dylan Thomas has shown the writers of thrillers what their trade can be like when a man of genius takes a hand at it. The scenario form, which could have been a serious stumbling-block, becomes a positive aid as he uses it. This is a distinguished book, and I want to make it clear that it is not only for people with a special interest in poetry, but a book for readers interested in new techniques in fiction. Without being in any way revolutionary, this book points toward a compression and eloquence which are rare in the fiction of today.

Eloquence is the first word which I want to use in writing about *A Frost on My Frolic*, which is the name of Gwyn Thomas's third novel, though it is the first by him to come my way. I shall read the other two as soon as I can get them, for he is a writer of strongly individual humor. His strength and his weakness is a splendid vein of Welsh rhetoric. It is his strength because it gives his book a glorious, rolling movement from start to finish, and whirls the reader forward upon strong wings of imagination and wonderment; so much rich, sustained glee is a rarity in modern writing of any kind, and it has led some critics to compare Thomas to Rabelais, Christopher Fry and Joyce Carey. But it is his weakness because the magician with words is too often weak in creating character, and careless of plot.

His novel tells us, uproariously, about a group of Welsh schoolboys from a wretched mining town who fire-watch and do agricultural work in 1944 to help with the war effort. It is magnificent entertainment, but what lingers in the mind is a hatful of phrases and triumphs of language; character and incident are quickly forgotten. It would be stupid to deny Mr. Thomas's brilliant gifts because he is weak in some mechanics of novel-writing. But it is permissible, surely, to hope that he will try to strengthen his equipment in the regions where it is now faulty. Beyond question he is one of the most gifted writers of our day. He and Dylan Thomas between them could father a whole new movement in modern fiction which might rescue it from the slough in which it now lies; it would be a move toward eloquent, poetic, sinewy writing. But if Dylan Thomas had to clothe other men's stories in words, and Gwyn Thomas could think of no better stories than *A Frost on My Frolic*, this renaissance could not come about. Meanwhile, *A Frost on My Frolic* is a brilliantly funny, exciting book, and you should not miss it.

NOW, with little appetite, I turn to *Galatea*, the new novel by James M. Cain. This writer belongs to the group which Edmund Wilson, in 1940, called "pre-eminently the poets of the tabloid murder". Violence and tough-talking sentimentality are his stock-in-trade. However well these elements have served him in the past, in *Galatea* they are not enough.

The plot is a curious one, and might have yielded a good story. A man whose work has been reducing the fat of prize-fighters holds up a filling-station, is caught, and released on bail to work for a restaurant keeper whose young wife is enormously fat—"the most sickening sight in the way of a

wom[illegible] I think I'd ever seen". Sensing t[illegible] babe beneath the blubber, the train[illegible] browbeats her to reduce. She does[illegible] and quickly there appears "a shap[illegible] to set you nuts".

A[illegible] Holly drops a little under 200 lbs. [illegible]r fat-choked libido begins to thro[illegible] "She looks just—beautiful." He mas[illegible] her to him and they have "that kiss[illegible] ur first one, hotter than we'd ever [illegible]reamed". She wants him to see her [illegible]ked because she is, after all, his c[illegible]ation and in her own plangent phra[illegible] "you carved me from grease". The [illegible]evitable happens, the husband is n[illegible]ged off a water tower, and Pygm[illegible]lion and his Galatea end up in Nev[illegible]da, talking shallow nonsense abou[illegible] God.

A [illegible]encouragement for fat people this book might have some value if it were not so violently simplified as to be a falsification of most of the important facts about weight reduction. I happened to be reading it when a couple of friends called on me who had been in Montreal attending the 19th International Physiological Congress; one of them who knew a great deal about reducing women who were sickening sights referred me to the chapter on Obesity in T. R. Harrison's *Principles of Internal Medicine*. This chapter was the work of Dr. George W. Thom. He cited a case of a young woman who lost, under his direction, 120 pounds, which I estimate is about what Holly dropped under the urgings of love and a James Cain hero.

But Dr. Thom's Galatea did not emerge with a shape to set anybody nuts—not with passion, anyhow; her fat vanished but her skin remained; she had a loose abdominal wall which hung like a double apron to a point about 3 inches above her knees, her breasts dropped below her waist, and she had bags of empty skin on her upper arms and thighs. They had to take surgical tucks in her and cut lappets off her, to give her a figure of any kind, and her body, when reshaped, was of extremely limited allure, even when clothed.

These facts are not brought forward in an attempt to discredit Mr. Cain's story; his heroine may have been gifted with a rubber pelt. But how much more interesting his book would have been if he had told the real story of a fat woman who reduced herself to a conservative 180 pounds, and underwent extreme plastic surgery in order to make herself, not desirable but endurable. But then, these poets of tabloid murder, these tough guys of the typewriter, are such sentimentalists. Reality makes them retreat, fainting, into their towers—towers, not of ivory, but of bone, cranial bone. Give me the poets, like the [illegible] Thomases, every time. They can [illegible]e a fact; they can make facts sit [illegible]nd beg; they can make facts sing.

ROBERTSON DAVIES

THE [illegible]CTOR AND THE DEVILS — by Dylan Tho[illegible]—pp. 138—*Dent*—$2.00.

A FRO[illegible]T ON MY FROLIC—by Gwyn Thomas pp. [illegible]95—*Longmans, Green*—$2.50.

GALATEA—by James M. Cain—pp. 242—*McClelland & Stewart*—$3.25.

In Brief

FATHER, DEAR FATHER — written and illustrated by Ludwig Bemelmans—pp. 247—*Macmillan*—$3.95.

Good as it is, this book is not up to the highest Bemelmans standard. It is an account of the author's travels in France, Italy and his native Tyrol accompanied by his thirteen-year-old daughter, Barbara, and her toy poodle, Little Bit. Whether by her father's design or not, Barbara emerges as an annoying child who nags and lectures, insists on eating canned American spaghetti instead of fine Continental cooking, and harps on the virtue of knowing what she calls "plain people"—meaning anyone whom Bemelmans finds dull. The charm, the wit and the strange adventures are all here, but they lack the usual carefree manner, and we are inclined to lay this at Barbara's door. Let us hope that when next he goes travelling, Bemelmans will put her in a good, severe boarding-school, complete with canned spaghetti and plain people.

THE FOUR JAMESES — by William Arthur Deacon—pp. 206—*Ryerson*—$3.00.

First published in 1927, this book has long called for reprinting and it is a pleasure to see it now. The author discusses, with a straight face, four Canadian poets of the last century—James Gay, James McIntyre, James D. Gillis and James MacRae—who were distinguished for zeal and self-confidence rather than the unmistakable quality of their poetic gift. No library of Canadiana is complete without it.

SPEAKING IS YOUR BUSINESS — by Vera Gough—pp. 127—*Clarke, Irwin*—$1.25.

Books about speaking in public are often too ambitious; they seek to make orators out of men and women of ordinary abilities by teaching them tricks which are wearisome when inexpertly used. Vera Gough writes for the ordinary speaker whose desire is simply to make his meaning clear, and to discharge business in the quickest and best way. Her book is filled with excellent advice and practical suggestion, and anyone who speaks in business or club affairs will profit from every page of it. Its precepts, put into practice, could make many a meeting briefer, crisper and more endurable. It is a pleasure to recommend this sensible book.

A WORD IN EDGEWAYS—by Ivor Brown—pp. 127—*Clarke, Irwin*—$1.50.

Number eight in this author's delightful series of short books about words, this one keeps up the high standard of those which came before it. The popularity of Mr. Brown's collections suggests that there must be a great many people in the English-speaking world who collect words as other people collect stamps, or who keep choice words as others keep thoroughbred cats or dogs. It is a pity that so few of these people live in Canada, where we treat words with great, though usually unconscious, brutality. One way of dispelling our national indifference is by circulating Ivor Brown's word-books widely, in schools and libraries, and by giving

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them to people who might like them. For the fearful it must be explained that these books deal not only with rich, strange words, but with beautiful common words which we neglect because we use them so often.

GROWING UP—by Karl de Scheinitz—pp. 73 and many illustrations—*Macmillan*—$2.25.

A third and improved edition of the best available book of sex instruction for children from four to ten. Reproduction in animals and people is shown as a natural, yet wonderful process, and the explanations are full, though simple. The photographs and drawings are good, and the whole work is free of fussy-mindedness and cant. Highly recommended.

CADDIE, A SYDNEY BARMAID — pp. 274 — *Longmans, Green*—$3.00.

An Australian girl, having made a bad marriage, took a job as a barmaid in order to support herself and her two children. Because Australian drinking laws are even more barbarous than those in force in Canada, being a barmaid was a disagreeable but highly paid job, and Caddie brought good sense, humor and determination to it. This is her own story, written and rewritten by one who has no literary graces, but who brings to autobiography the same good sense and humor that carried her through a difficult part of her life. Hers is a good story, told from the heart.

MEET THE BRITISH—pp. 132—illustrations by Sprod—*Ryerson*—$1.75.

There seems to be no end of books explaining the British to the rest of the world. This one is a collaboration by Emily Hahn, Charles Roetter and Harford Thomas. The work of the latter two is honest and helpful, but who needs this sort of help? Emily Hahn's writing is merely the exploitation of the humor of being an American among Britons which has grown so familiar and so tiresome in her work. Do these books flatter the British, making them feel that they are very queer, very wonderful and very hard to understand? There is nothing about life in Britain which an intelligent American traveller cannot fully master in a week, and without a book to help him. Unintelligent people of all races should stay at home.

MY BEST GAMES OF CHESS, 1905-1930—by S. G. Tartakower—pp. 248—*Clarke, Irwin*—$4.50.

Dr. Tartakower has never been a world chess champion, but he is world famous as a master of what might be called baroque chess—a rich, dashing game which cannot always be counted upon to bring victory but which has grandeur in conception and execution. This is the first of two volumes. Each game is given with extensive comments by the master, so that the book is in effect a manual of instruction in opening, end-game and general tactics. Tartakower looks upon chess not as a deadly serious battle, but as a game to be played with style and zest. If you are a player of modest ability, or if you are your club champion and think you know classical chess, this non-classical, romantic master has much to teach you.

CABBAGETOWN STORE—by J. V. McAree—pp. 113—illustrated—*Ryerson*—$2.50.

There is a pleasant quality of underwriting about these recollections of life in Toronto half a century ago which gives them a special charm. Mr. McAree does not pretend that he has anything unusual to say; he is content to tell us of familiar things in sober language, depending upon the mellow warmth of his memories to hold our interest. In consequence his book has, for this reader at least, a quality superior to Carl Sandburg's inflated memoirs which appeared earlier this year.

RARELY PURE—by Sewell Stokes—pp. 255—*British Books*—$3.25.

There are said to be only nine basic plots in all literature. One of them must surely be the tale of the young man who goes to the Great City in order to be a Writer, and who finds himself in a boarding house full of screamingly funny people, all of whom are sexually and morally whimsical. Any of the nine basic plots seems fresh if it is freshly handled, but Mr. Stokes has brought no freshness to his theme. If you can get on to his wavelength, I'm sure you will be highly entertained, but I failed to do so. The subtitle of the book is "Memoirs of a Young Man in Search of Sex"; if you've got it, dear, you don't have to search for it.

B. E. N.

SLAVE MUTINY—by William A. Owens—pp. 312—*Longmans, Green*—$5.00.

The idealized portrait on the back of the jacket may attract to this studiously dramatic interpretation readers who know nothing of the history of the event. Cinque was a handsome black, leader of the mutinous slaves on board the *Amistad* which was captured off the New Jersey coast. Her cargo — Africans — was defended in Supreme Court by John Q. Adams as human beings, not property. The time was 1839, when the issues of the Civil War were forming.

THE ROAD TO ABUNDANCE—by Jacob Rosin and Max Eastman—pp. 166—*McGraw-Hill*—$4.25.

Agriculture, as a gigantic food factory, is an industrial monstrosity. It takes too much floor space, manpower and time, and the roof of the factory is the undependable weather. Dr. Rosin, a European research chemist now in the States and Max Eastman, his *Reader's Digest* interlocutor, say that "The time has come to recognize that our dependence for food upon the dilatory and inefficient plant is a cruel bondage." Physicochemistry (*sic*) is the road to abundance. Matter can be transformed into energy. We can now utilize solar energy 150 times more efficiently than the plant does. The female sex hormone estrone can be synthetically produced; so, therefore, can much less complicated products like sugar. (It has been, since this book was written, and by two Canadians.)

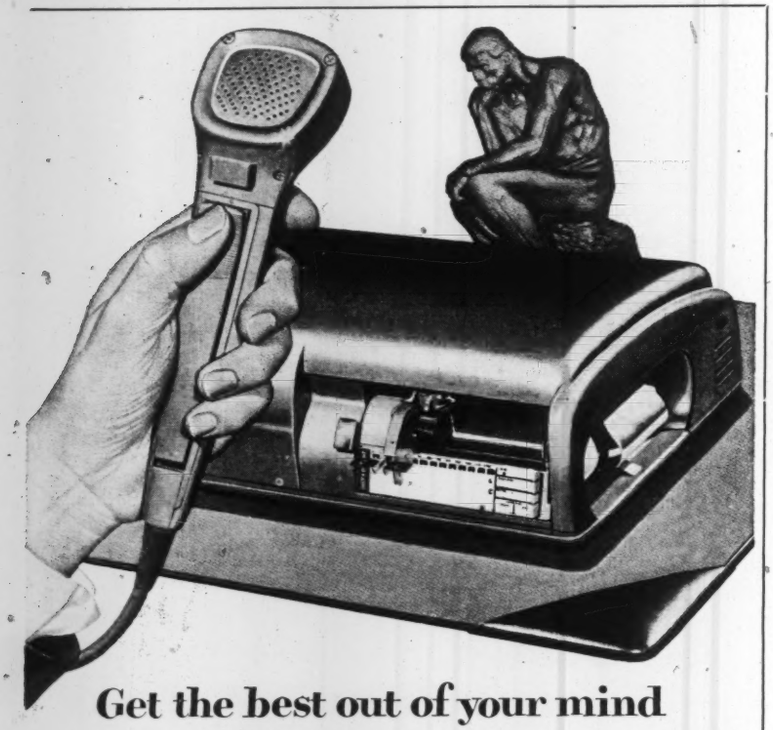
The subject is not new to specialists; its dramatic presentation here in untechnical language is designed to arouse popular interest. Will a populace which turns up its nose and makes laws against margarine ever accept test-tube foods? Unfortunately, the price of this small book, in spite of the popular style of its writing, may restrict its appeal.

T. J. A.

LANDSCAPE IN SUNLIGHT—by Elizabeth Fair—pp. 232—*McGraw-Hill*—$2.35.

A domestic novel which should enhance the "pretty little reputation" Miss Fair made with *Brampton Wick*, this is the story of the life of a few families in a village during an English summer. The manoeuvring wife of the vicar wants only three things this season: to arrange a vacation for her tired, vague husband, to keep her daughter from marrying the wrong man, and—most important—to make a success of the church Garden Fête. The story of her machinations and their effect on the little community is a neat piece of social satire, but a gentle one. The writing is crisp and clean, never completely serious and often, though restrained, extraordinarily funny.

R. J. T.



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Persona Grata

Bush-Pilot President

A BIG, RUDDY, energetic man with a freckled face and sandy hair lumbered out of a trans-Atlantic plane at Montreal, shook hands with a group of friends, held a business conference in the airport office, boarded a west-bound plane, landed in Edmonton to speak to businessmen at a luncheon, climbed into a DC3 and rode in the control cabin to Vancouver, and talked airline shop at his home there till midnight. The next day he flew to Tokyo in a DC 6B, with a short conference at Shemya in the Aleutians en route. Everywhere he went, they called him "Grant."

George William Grant McConachie, President of Canadian Pacific Airlines, is 44. Twenty years ago he was well-known in the hamlets of the North, in the Yukon, in BC, in Alberta and the Northwest Territories. Today he has friends at every airport, across two oceans and a continent.

In 20 years, he has graduated from delivering fresh fish by air to the control of over 1500 men and women from Vancouver's CPA headquarters, and the supervision of the 9,525 miles of domestic routes and 15,295 miles of Pacific routes to Australia, New Zealand, and the Orient. At the age of 20, he was pleading for more airstrips in Western Canada so that he could serve the little towns of the interior by aircraft with wheels instead of floats. Today, he can claim for CPA that it is the only airline in the world that flies the Northern Lights to Southern Cross route, Aklavik to Sydney.

Grant McConachie was a bush-pilot. He bought his first plane with money borrowed from his uncle. Born in Hamilton, Ontario, he was training to be a doctor at the University of Alberta, but the excitement of Edmonton airport, at a time when a few men were saying that Canada's future was in the air, was too strong. On vacations, he worked on the railroad, at times as a fireman on a locomotive, and the money earned went into flying lessons. "Anyway, I'd be out of a job now," he says. "Diesels wrecked the future of firemen. . ."

The transport of fish from the northern lakes to the railhead, a prosaic routine for a visionary, was only a part of his aerial bushwhacking chores. He was the ambulance man of the North, the errand boy and the postman. One day he was transporting two passengers, a commercial fisherman and a Government Fisheries Inspector, who argued throughout the trip. McConachie's cockpit was divided from the passengers, but he was conscious that the argument was heated. At one stop, McConachie found his skis frozen to the ice, and had some difficulty freeing them by racing his motor and manipulating the rudder. As soon as he got them free, he roared off and finished the journey.

When he reached his destination, he was horrified to find the door of the rear cabin open and nobody inside. "They had a fight and fell out," he assumed. It was too late to turn back, but at dawn he returned to find his two passengers still stranded on the ice. They had jumped from the plane without his knowledge to help release the skis, and watched him roar away without them.

There was also the case of the disappearing corpse. McConachie wasn't looking forward to taking the dead Indian, because he knew the tribe was superstitious about trusting its chief to the open plane. McConachie put the body inside the plane, kept his engine idling in the below-zero weather, and spent a few moments warming himself in a shack before running to the cockpit and taking off. When he had completed the flight, the plane was empty. Back tracking, he found the Indians had lost confidence at the last minute and taken the corpse from the plane.

In spite of such lapses, McConachie was a man dedicated to flying. At the age of 21, he had advanced from Chief Pilot to President of Independent Airways. He then began a long campaign of urging local authorities to develop landing grounds, as he foresaw how much a network of airlines would benefit the West and North. He predicted wheels instead of floats, a contradictory view to that of most experts on western aviation. In 1937, when he was 28, he obtained the franchise for a regular mail service from Edmonton to Whitehorse. There had been times when he was a one-man airline, working round the clock, but now he was telling Chambers of Commerce that soon the North would depend on aircraft for normal transport. "This country should have a main-line type of operation," he said.

With the War, he had spectacular support for his theories. His route to Whitehorse was the framework of the famous "North-West Staging Route," the start of the "Aerial Bridge" for U.S. planes to Russia. When he was appointed General Manager of Western Lines for CPA, he saw his pioneer route become a shuttle service for the campaign in the Aleutians.

The year 1942 was critical in the history of Canadian aviation. Canadian Pacific Airlines amalgamated ten

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independent bushlines, most of them losing money, and fell heir to an astounding collection of aircraft. In all, there were 77 machines of every type —Travellairs, Lockheed 14's, Curtis, Beechcraft 18's, Junkers, Stinsons, de Haviland Rapides, Noorduyn Norsemans, Wacos, Bellancas, and Fairchilds. The companies had headquarters in Winnipeg, Edmonton, Vancouver, Montreal, The Pas, Moose Jaw, and Hudson, Ontario. Out of this motley, dispersed collection, he established an orderly organization. In 1945 McConachie was presented with the McKee Trophy for "Long and outstanding service in the field of Canadian aviation," with particular reference to the development of Northern aviation. Two years later he was President of CPA, and then, in 1947, when he was 38, he was able to see his dreams coming true.

Within his adult experience, aviation in the North West has changed from the haphazard flights of the bush-pilot who sought out commissions as a tramp-steamer captain sought cargo, to a fleet of planes covering the territory on schedule. Canadian Pacific Airlines still picks up the prospector and his team of huskies, but the flight to the Yukon now measures up to airline standards of speed and comfort, and, once a week, a CPA aircraft drops down at Norman Wells, Arctic Red River, and Aklavik. It is the spirit of the old bush-pilots that rides with the Convair to Prince George and Smithers, and there is no man who pays greater credit to the old "seat of the pants" flyer than Grant McConachie. But flying is also a matter of organization, bookwork, maintenance and routine, and nobody knows it better than a former bush-pilot.

Today, Grant McConachie sees ahead to the time when aircoach traffic will revolutionize the industry yet again. "It's a matter of economics," he says. "The bigger the plane, the cheaper the fare. I was always in favor of 28-passenger planes on schedule runs to towns in the Interior where they had been used to four-seaters and six-seaters. The operational cost doesn't go up much in proportion to the people carried and the revenue earned. You can double the revenue, therefore, and with greater speed the cost is down. One of these days, and not so far ahead, it will cost $50 to cross this continent by aircoach. . ."

McConachie took a long look at South America. He knew that continent offered great possibilities for Canadian aviation, for there was bound to be heavy traffic from the Orient, since several South American countries present no immigration restrictions to the Oriental.

Canadian Pacific, therefore, is going after the trade from China and Japan to Peru and Brazil, via Vancouver. Once a week, Flights 307 and 305 take off from Vancouver at 9.30, lose a day on the International Date Line, and reach Tokyo the following midnight. From there they fly to Shanghai and Hong Kong. Once a week, Flight 301 leaves Vancouver at ten-thirty p.m., lands at Honolulu the next day, and proceeds to Fiji and then Auckland and Sydney.

Grant McConachie lumbered out of his office at Vancouver airport and into the vast hangar where the great DC 6B planes rested, with twenty and thirty men climbing over their white and silver cabins and wings.

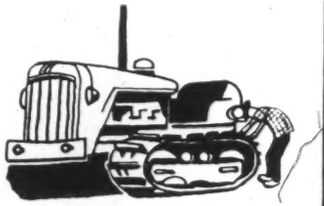
He reached up to the fat body of the plane with the affectionate gesture of the bush-pilot. "There's no limit to the future of Canada in the air," he said. "We're in a wonderful spot."

The plane itself seemed to bear out his words. A mechanic was then painting on the white cabin its name: "Empress of Mexico City."

"Non-stop, Vancouver to Mexico City this Fall," McConachie said. "Then to Lima and Rio."

It seemed longer than twenty years from the time he had delivered fish.

ROLAND WILD



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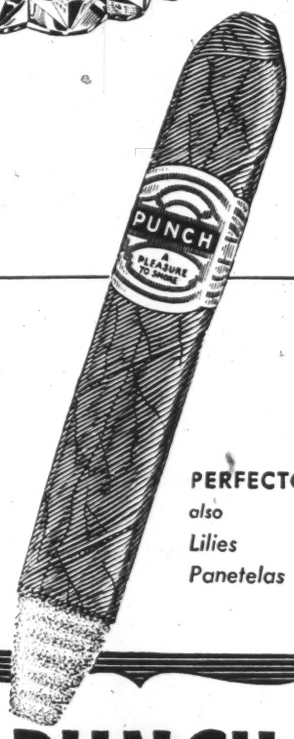

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Sports

The Lost Canadian

IS THERE A CANADIAN-BORN football coach in the house? By the way, whatever became of Canadian rugby football? And what has become of that athletic oddity, the man who used to propel the ball with his foot?

We haven't seen a Canadian-born coach of a major league team since large Annis Stukus disappeared into the jungles of Canada's Evergreen Playground. Stukus is scheduled to coach a Vancouver entry in the Western Conference next year, but there is always the possibility that the other western teams will give Vancouver the frigid clavicle. Football politics being what they are, poor old Stuke is quite likely to find himself instructing a school of sockeye salmon next autumn.

Some of my best friends are football coaches, and consequently I haven't had so many American friends since the last time I visited Paris. When we imported the forward pass from the United States, we prepared the way for the importation of American professional coaches.

In the jolly autumn days of the past, coaching a Canadian football team was a profitless pastime. The man who coached a football team generally did so as a hobby and, of necessity, he had some other income. Indeed, there are men who not only were unpaid coaches but who were forced to reach into their jeans to pay the club's dentistry bills at the end of the season. For instance, Mike Rodden, who coached the Hamilton Tigers to so many Dominion championships, was (and still is) a sports editor. The late Ross Trimble, who coached Ottawa Rough Riders, was a full-time employee of the Bell Telephone Company. Joe Breen, while coaching, worked for Canada Cement and now is president of that company. Billy Hughes was in the insurance business. Ted Reeve, who coached Queen's, Montreal and Balmy Beach, wrote his sports column with one hand while diagramming plays with the other. Alvin Horace Ritchie was employed by the Federal Government while coaching Regina Roughriders to all those western titles.

In other words, up until the time that football became Big Business, coaching was a pastime rather than a profession.

Edmonton Eskimos had a professional coach in the early Twenties when Deacon White briefly turned his attention to the Canadian gridiron and even earlier than that, McGill University had paid Frank "Shag" Shaughnessy to be a full-time athletic strategist.

It was the forward pass, too, which took the foot out of football and made it a game which Dr. Harry Griffiths, of Ridley College, wouldn't recognize. Dr. Griffiths is a purist who insists

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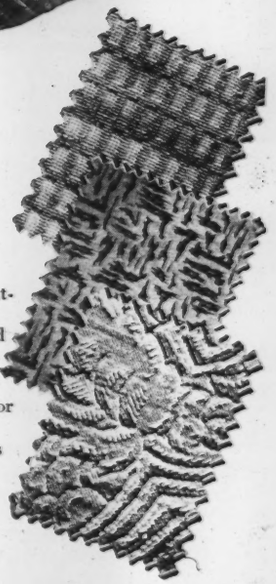

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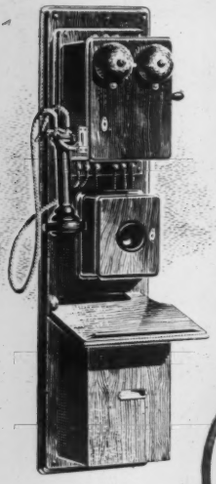

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that, under the rules of Canadian rugby football, the coach cannot interfere with the team once the players go on the field. The last time we saw him at a football game, the good doctor was working himself into a lather as he watched the coaches sending in substitutes to give the next play to the quarterback.

With the introduction of the forward pass, Warren Stevens came to Canada from Syracuse and eventually settled down as the first "professional" coach at the University of Toronto.

Lew Hayman, a classmate, followed Stevens to Toronto from Syracuse and, before you could say "Wilbur Maloney is a mealy-mouthed little snitch," Lew was coaching the Argonauts. Hayman, although he was hampered by the somewhat pious restrictions of the Argonaut Rowing Club, always was an advocate of all-out professionalism and it was inevitable that he should promote Eric Cradock into purchasing the Montreal franchise in the Big Four. It was equally inevitable that Hayman should become general manager of the Montreal Alouettes.

Meanwhile, Joe Ryan of Winnipeg Blue Bombers had started a trend out West. He brought Carl Cronin as a coach from Notre Dame and Cronin was followed by Bob Fritz and Reg Threlfall. Calgary brought Dick Haughian from Santa Clara and Regina brought Dean Griffing from Kansas State.

In the Thirties, however, Western Canadian football's gate receipts weren't large enough to keep a full-time coach in regal state. Threlfall and Cronin sold life insurance, while Haughian was a playgrounds supervisor for the City of Calgary. Griffing, for his part, found employment with a lumber company, and Fritz, after taking over the coaching job at Edmonton, was a radio announcer.

What that man Threlfall did to Canadian football shouldn't happen to a canine. Reginald, who had coached previously at minor American colleges, knew the value of taking motion pictures of rival teams in action, and persuaded the Winnipeg club to film all their games. He pioneered the motion picture industry's interest in Canadian football but the film craze really didn't gain a hold until after the Second Great War. When Les Lear went to Calgary to coach in 1948, he re-introduced the camera.

Lear started another trend, too; he was the first graduate of the National Football League in the United States to be brought to Canada in a coaching capacity. Lear was an oddity in that, although he had been born in the United States, he had come to Winnipeg as a small boy and had learned all his football in Canada. As a matter of fact, he was the only Canadian-trained player ever to make the grade in the National League.

The Second World War ended the era of "amateur" coaches. As soon as the smoke of battle had rolled away, we saw the largest American invasion of Canadian territory since the Yukon Gold Rush. Football players swarmed across the border and you could scarcely walk down the street without falling over a T-formation quarterback.

With the increasing Americanization of the Canadian game, the football clubs sought coaches who had American professional or college coaching experience. No longer could a football team afford to have a coach who couldn't devote 24 hours each day to an earnest study of motion picture films.

Stukus, who, with Lear, was the last of the Canadians, coached Edmonton for three years, but he discovered that football occupied him for 12 months of the year and he was forced to take leave of absence from his newspaper job. Lear was a 12-month man, too, and even at that, when his team began to lose games, his Calgary critics complained that the game was suffering because Lear had a side-line of breeding and racing thoroughbred horses. (No time for such frivolities in this football business, old chap.)

They still call our game "Canadian Rugby Football", but it has become almost indistinguishable from the game that is played by the American professionals. Indeed, to some jaundiced eyes, it resembles a robust type of bean-bag or basketball. They pass the ball much oftener than they kick it or run with it, and out West some of the commentators refer to the Winnipeg Blue Bombers facetiously as "The Harlem Globe-Trotters".

It would seem that the best coach these days isn't necessarily the master strategist; more accurately, the best coach is the keenest observer of motion pictures.

Pardon me while Dr. Griffiths and I go out and build a small monument to one of those old-time Canadian coaches who never saw his rivals until the afternoon he played them—and who devised an entirely new defensive system in the 10-minute interval at half-time.

JIM COLEMAN

Business

Major Labor Issue: The Check-Off

By WYN GELDART

A TORONTO UNION official, writing recently in a union publication, wondered if labor unions were acting wisely in asking management to collect membership dues by check-off, that is, by deducting the monthly dues from wages and turning them over to the union.

He suggested that the true strength of a union lies in strong turn-outs at union meetings, and pointed out that, in the past, a major motive for turning out to such meetings was to pay union dues. He asked: "Did the check-off pay off, or did we provide another reason for union members to forget the union membership meetings?"

His question would elicit a direct answer one way or another from 1,290,000 members of labor unions in Canada, most of whom have the check-off system, but it would stump most businessmen.

This method of collecting membership dues by having management do the deducting when wages are being made up, is authorized either with the written consent of the eligible employee or as a compulsory condition of work. It has been, and there is every indication that it will continue to be, an important issue in the negotiating of all union contracts in Canada.

The average union due is $2 a month. According to the *Labor Gazette*, about two-thirds of the country's 1,290,000 union members had a check-off of dues in 1951. This means that about $1,720,000 was being deducted by management in Canada each month from employees' wages and remitted to various unions.

The check-off came sharply to public attention in recent weeks as a main issue between gold mine operators and the United Steelworkers of America. Those opposed to it take the stand that it is a subtle form of union security, that once it becomes a clause in the contract it assures the union of a hold on an employee in a particular bargaining group, whether or not the employee as an individual continues to support union policies. Those in favor of it claim that not only is it a convenience to employees and the union in the same way that income tax deductions are to the taxpayer and the government, but it strengthens the position of organized labor. A new slant on the issue, however, was given by the official quoted earlier, who also wrote:

"The old system of dues collecting, whether it was through the medium of the shop stewards, the local union secretary or members bringing dues of other members to the union meeting, had its good points as compared to the check-off system. If the dues were paid to the steward or to another member, the act of doing so always created a conversation about the organization and what it was doing or failing to do. By this conversation the members were kept informed of the activities of their union, and the union could always hear about the complaints of its members . . . When the check-off system was introduced it gave the local union officers more time to be devoted to the general affairs of the local, but it apparently gave the membership another excuse to stay away from the meetings, thus creating a condition which leads to ill-informed members criticizing the union and its officers . . . If the non-attendance of members at meetings is creating an ill-informed membership, which in turn leads to lack of faith in the organization, then it is time for the leaders to find a way to increase the attendance or return to the old dues-collecting system."

Here, in the words of a union official, is disclosed one problem which the check-off system has created for the unions themselves. However, from the union standpoint alone, the check-off is still the best deal for financial support. There are countless cases of employees in a check-off who have nothing to do with union activities and never would, who regard the check-off deduction from their wages as the price they pay to work in that particular plant. They are members for purposes of check-off only.

On the other hand, there is the point of view expressed by Mr. Justice Rand in his award in 1945 in the dispute between the UAW-CIO and Ford of Canada:

"Employees as a whole become the beneficiaries of union action, and I doubt if any circumstance provokes more resentment in a plant than this sharing of the fruits of unionist work and courage by the non-member. It would not then as a general proposition be inequitable to require of all employees a contribution towards the expense of maintaining the administration of employee interest, of administering the law of their employment."

Whatever the pros and cons are in the check-off issue, the fact is that unions have sought with major success for inclusion of a check-off provision in their contracts.

The latest data on the subject published by the *Labor Gazette* (October, 1951) showed that of a group of 2,912 establishments having union contracts, 1,975 or approximately two-thirds, reported having the check-off. The survey indicated that this sampling was representative of all labor contracts in effect in Canada then. The proportion has probably increased since that time.

The check-off is a convenience whereby the employer often collects for the union, not only all dues, but frequently initiation fees, union insurance premiums and other amounts claimed by the union. There are various forms, notably the Voluntary Revocable Check-Off, the Voluntary Irrevocable Check-Off, Compulsory Check-Off, the Rand Formula, and the Dues Shop (a modified Rand Formula).

In some cases the check-off is mandatory, and an employee must thus continue to support the union financially even though he may not agree with its policies and actions in any given period.

THE SIGNIFICANT thing about Voluntary Revocable Check-Off is that it affects only members of the union, and the member must voluntarily agree in writing to the deduction from his pay. It is the only form of the Check-Off in which the member can voluntarily withdraw at any time during the life of the contract. In other words, the union member has individual freedom to agree with the Check-Off and can withdraw if he does not agree with union tactics. This is the kind of check-off the United Steelworkers were seeking in contracts with the gold mines in Northern Ontario.

The Voluntary Irrevocable Check-Off affects only union members who must agree in writing to the Check-Off, but once the agreement is made, it cannot be revoked during the life of the contract. He is committed to support of the union and its policies and therefore is committed to membership at least until the contract expires. He has a choice, of course, of renewing his agreement when the new contract is signed.

The Compulsory Check-Off clause states: "The company will deduct from the pay of each member of the union all union initiation fees, dues and assessments. All deductions shall be made during the third pay period of each calendar month. All sums deducted shall be remitted to the Secretary-Treasurer of the union not later than the last day of the calendar month in which such deductions are made."

This particular clause includes collections other than straight union dues. Many contracts are specific in including dues only. The main feature of the compulsory system is that as long as a member of the union remains employed at this particular plant he is

CONTINUED ON PAGE 39

Toronto Star

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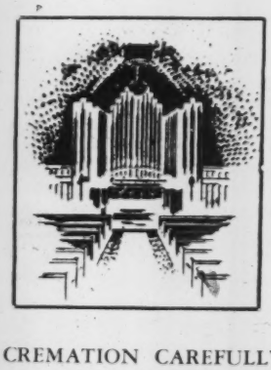

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An option exists which provides for the purchase of 100,000 shares at 60 cents per share on October 22. If this option is to be exercised, the stock will likely be stirred up by the underwriter to make the marketing possible. On the present estimate of the chart position of this stock, the high of such a move would likely be around 75.

Husky Oil

I AM interested in Husky Oil. Have you any recent figures available as to earnings and what is the general position and outlook? — T. M. R.; Sarnia, Ont.

The general position of this company would appear to be stable but recent figures reveal a sizable decline in net. It reported net earnings of $102,923 for six months ended June 30, 1953, compared with $541,695 in the corresponding 1952 period. Gross revenue for the 1953 period was $3,173,857 against $2,860,819 for the 1952 period.

No allowance was made for income taxes in the latest report. Current assets at June 30, 1953, amounted to $4,813,897 and current liabilities $637,272.

Alberta Distillers

WHAT DO you think of the long term growth possibilities of Alberta Distillers, Ltd.?—G. J. K., Vancouver.

The outlook for any distilling company is based upon three things: the acceptance of the products by the public, the general level of prosperity enjoyed by the public, and the financial position of the company.

For a fairly new company such as this, which is still endeavoring to build up inventories of aged whiskies, both the limited supplies available for marketing and the strain upon working capital while sales volume and public acceptance are being built up provide very large handicaps.

Whisky is the product that sells in the largest volume both in Canada and the United States, and the competition from the well accepted and internationally advertised brands of the big distillers is difficult to overcome without considerable advertising.

With limited distribution of its products, this company is dependent upon the prosperity of the local regions it serves. The present prospects for farm income in the West, with the world wheat markets saturated with supplies of grain, do not appear too promising.

The May 31 balance sheet of Alberta Distillers shows that the company operated at a loss of $48,662.22 for the fiscal year and that a deficit in working capital of $100,516.51 appeared.

Interest on the bank loan of $3,990,000 and the $697,500 of first mortgage bonds, which amounted to $187,687.98, played a considerable part in developing the operating loss. The loan is apparently necessary to carry the $3,860,697 of inventory.

These factors have been the principal reason for the decline in the price of the stock from the 1951 high of $4.50 to the recent low of $1.50.

If a sufficient volume of aged liquor can be placed on the market and sold in the coming year to increase net income and retire part of the debt, the financial position of the company will improve. Even at the indicated rate of growth in sales shown by the increase in gross profits from the $106,464 in 1952 to the $211,756 this year, it will take considerable time for the company to overcome its evident financial difficulties. The prospect of dividends appears very remote at the present time.

Thus the long term possibilities of this company depend upon the developments of the next year or so. As the company does not provide quarterly statements, the trend of its fortunes is difficult to follow. Until the financial situation shows signs of brightening, long term investment, without dividend returns, does not seem too attractive.

Brown Company

I PURCHASED several hundred shares of Brown Company common following the reorganization. As the dividend situation seems to be rather cloudy now, would it be best to eliminate this stock from my portfolio even though it would mean a loss of more than 50 per cent?—R. J. B., Vancouver.

As a producer of only a limited amount of newsprint compared to its capacity for pulps, paper towels and kraft papers, Brown has shown a severe drop in earnings compared to the newsprint producing companies.

For the half year ending June 13, 1953, consolidated net earnings amounted to $1,475,425, compared with the $3,107,414 earned in the similar period of 1952. Common share earnings fell from $1.30 per share to 49 cents.

While it appears that "the news is out" as far as the possibilities for this year's earnings are concerned, and the stock has fallen to a low of 7⅛ and

stabilized there, the longer term outlook for this company does not appear to be too good. The high ratio of funded debt to working capital, and the considerable costs of servicing the debt, make the capital structure seem top-heavy. The excess of inventory, shown at $19,301,569 in the last annual statement, over the working capital position of $17,818,787, is also cause for concern.

As the prospects of an extended recovery in the price of the stock appear slight, and you are not receiving any income from your investment, it seems advisable to accept the loss and reinvest the funds in high grade bonds at the present time.

Anglo-Newfoundland

W. I. BOUGHT *Anglo-Newfoundland Development at 10. With profits expected to be less in 1953 than last year, would I be wise to sell my holdings?—B. J., Montreal.*

Because of its divergent activities in the newsprint, woodpulp and base metal mining fields, Anglo-Newfoundland is difficult to assess. While the newsprint operations have undoubtedly remained strong, earnings from both woodpulp and base metals have been cut sharply because of the price weaknesses evident in the markets for these products.

As there is a considerable oversupply of pulp and metals overhanging world markets, it seems likely that prices will remain weak for quite some time and an increase in demand is rather remote.

The sharp decline in net earnings from the $1.50 per share earned in 1951 to the $0.79 earned in 1952 is indicative of the profit trend and leads to the conclusion that 1953 earnings will again be lower.

If such is the case, there is a definite possibility that the dividend rate will be cut from the present 60 cents per year. The decline in the price of the stock from the 1952 high of 13⅝ to the present level of 7½, where a yield of nearly 8 per cent is indicated on the present dividend, has apparently discounted a good deal of the expectations of lower returns from the stock. As this process does not appear to have been completed, and there is little possibility of the stock appreciating very much, it would seem advisable for you to switch your funds into either high grade bonds or a stock with better long term earning capacity.

Hudson Bay Mining

DO YOU CONSIDER *Hudson Bay Mining and Smelting worth purchasing as an investment at present market price? What are your views as to its future prospects and what are the reasons behind the fluctuations of the stock during the past 12 months? —W.J.P., Vancouver.*

With the price of the stock marking a new low of 36⅝ in its long decline from the 1952 high of 64¾, Hudson Bay has reflected the bear market that has been under way in base metal stocks for nearly two years.

Several factors have been at work in this downtrend: the decline in metal prices, the consistent shrinking of ore reserves, the increasing ratio of zinc to copper in the available ore and the general expectation that earnings cannot be maintained at a high enough level to permit the payment of the $5.00 dividend rate.

In view of the world-wide pressure of heavy supplies on base metal prices, which shows no sign of abating, second half earnings can be expected to fall below the $2.20 per share earned to June 30 of this year. As earnings for the year will evidently fall well below the $5.37 per share earned in 1952, the dividend could well revert to the 1947 rate of $3.00 per share. While this would provide a yield of more than 8 per cent at the present price, stocks have a nasty habit of overdoing both upward and downward moves.

When this stock was last reviewed, in the May 23 issue of SATURDAY NIGHT, it was estimated that it could continue its downtrend to an objective of 33. This still seems possible in view of general market conditions.

From the long term view, the operating mine is estimated to have a life expectancy of about 10 years unless extensive new deposits are discovered. This appears to be a doubtful prospect, for the results of the extensive exploration work at the lower levels of the mine have proved disappointing.

Other properties, situated in the Yukon Territory, are being explored and hold promise of being brought into production. With its excellent financial position, the company can easily meet the extensive costs of development that precede the production stage in any mine.

In view of the factors noted here, and the manifold uncertainties in the outlook for the "feast or famine" base metal companies, it would seem best to defer purchase until the stock shows definite signs of making a bottom in the 30-33 price level, and the dividend outlook is clarified.

In Brief

CAN YOU GIVE *me any information on Clarnor Malartic Mines? —N. B. M., Truro, NS.*

The mine has been idle since 1947.

Would you please let me know your opinion on North Inca?—N. M., Toronto.

North Inca holds a prospect in the Bathurst area of New Brunswick near Leadridge. At present it must be classed as an outright speculation.

What is the outlook for Ogama Rockland?—C. S., Toronto.

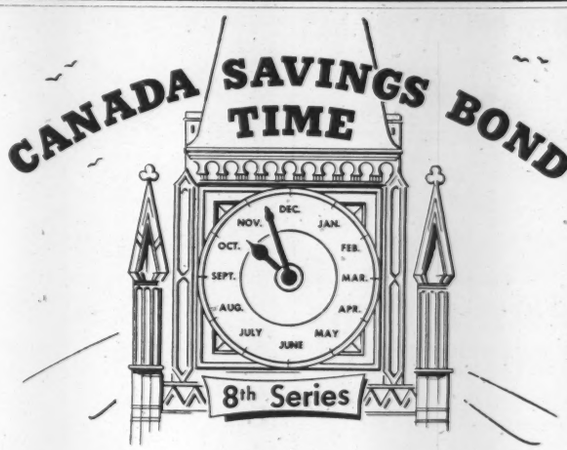
Not very promising. Operations were discontinued in 1951 and the mine equipment is in the process of being sold.

Can you tell me what happened to Keystone Mines?—H. H. W., Toronto.

The charter was cancelled last year.

Can you give me any information on Goldbeam Mines? — W. H., Toronto.

At last report, the property had been sold to Homestake Explorations for 200,000 shares, and distribution of assets is planned.



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SHOE STORES LIMITED

NOTICE OF DIVIDENDS

5½% Preference Shares
Dividend No. 2

A semi-annual dividend of two and three-quarters per cent (2¾%) of the par value, for the period June 1, 1953, to November 30, 1953, on the outstanding preference shares of the Company has been declared payable December 1 next to all shareholders of record as at the close of business October 30, 1953.

Common Shares
58th Consecutive Dividend

A quarterly dividend of ten cents (10c) per share on all issued common shares of the Company has been declared payable December 1 next, to all shareholders of record as at the close of business October 30, 1953.

By order of the Board,
K. R. GILLELAN,
Vice-Pres. & Sec.-Treas.
Brantford, Ont., Sept. 23, 1953.

By Appointment
Gin Distillers to the late King George VI
Booth's Distilleries Limited

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Ashley & Crippen

WILLIAM DRYNAN: A choice of three jobs.

Who's Who in Business

THE CANNING INDUSTRY is full of uncertainties. A drastic change in the weather, a competitor's new product, fluctuating public taste, all can put pressure on a company's fortunes. Two factors, however, go a long way towards helping to counteract this list of intangibles—a widespread system of operations through which losses can be spread, and a foresighted chief executive.

Canadian Canners Limited, whose products are better known under the trademark "Aylmer", has both these assets—a country-wide set-up enabling an over-supply in one place to meet demand in another, and William Innes Drynan.

Mr. Drynan, who was 53 last month but looks a good ten years younger, has been working for the company since leaving the Army in 1923, but, by heredity, his experience goes back further than that. Both his grandfather, who was one of the founders, and his father were former presidents of the company which this year celebrates its 50th anniversary.

The third member of the family to head Canadian Canners Limited is a handsome, informally-dressed man with brown hair and a boyish grin. His physique and bearing instantly denote military training and when he walks or sits, his back is erect and his shoulders are square.

Two other careers might easily have side-tracked him from the family business. After graduating from the Royal Military College, Kingston, he served for two years with the British Army in India and left as a Lieutenant-Colonel while in his early 20's. Then, after a year at Osgoode Hall studying law, he became a factory manager for Canadian Canners in St. Catharines and, with the exception of a brief spell running a plant in the Fiji Islands, concentrated on rising through the organization in Ontario.

The Fiji operation, a project shared by the company and the Fiji government, was not the success that either partner had hoped for, and since that time Canadian Canners Limited has been content to confine its operations to 56 plants across Canada.

During the war years, the younger Drynan was Production Manager of the company his father headed, and by 1946 he was Vice-president and Assistant General Manager. He was appointed President in February of this year. He is also a director of half a dozen subsidiary companies which between them make canning machinery, provide seed from which the produce is grown, manufacture crates and containers, and help to transport products to all parts of the country.

Among the organizations that claim his time are the Art Gallery of Hamilton and the Hamilton and District Officers' Institute—an interest stimulated by his former status as C.O. of the Royal Hamilton Light Infantry.

Whenever he can get away from business, he points his Ford car north and with his wife, Mary, and his children William (23), George (21) and 17-year-old Alice, heads for "a primitive shack" in Algonquin Park.

"There's no telephone up there," he says gleefully, "and it's almost impossible for anyone to get hold of me."

In his business life, however, Bill Drynan is anything but inaccessible. He is known personally to hundreds of employees at Hamilton headquarters and participates in many social activities. He donated a silver cup to "the player showing the most progress" in the firm's bowling league. Last year he won it himself.

JOHN WILCOCK

CANADIAN INVESTMENT FUND

Ask your Investment Dealer or Broker for prospectus.

CALVIN BULLOCK Ltd.

THE SHAWINIGAN WATER AND POWER COMPANY

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of thirty cents (30c) per share has been declared on the no par value common shares of the Company for the quarter ending September 30, 1953, payable November 25, 1953, to shareholders of record October 15, 1953.

By Order of the Board,
J. L. T. MARTIN,
Secretary.

Montreal, September 28, 1953.

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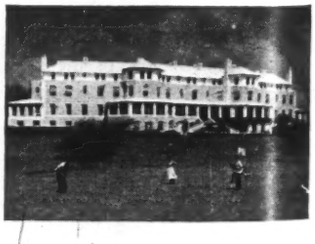

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West Indian Trade Problems

EXACTLY WHICH PIECES of tropical real estate should be included in the term British West Indies seems to be a subject for argument among the West Indians, and as it is their business we need not concern ourselves with the debate.

For the purpose of trade we can take it as including the two bits of continental South America known as British Guiana and British Honduras, plus the attenuated archipelago stretching for 1400 miles from Bermuda to Trinidad, and Jamaica and the Bahamas about 1000 miles or so West of the line of islands.

In addition to being scattered geographically, the territory is divided politically into nine fairly watertight compartments, each administered as a British Colony though with varying degrees of independence. Each unit has its own laws and regulations, Customs, Immigration, Postage, and, of course, Currency Control and other impediments to business.

The total population is about 3.5 million; the general standard of living and average per capita income are very low by comparison with Canada. Efforts are being made to improve matters and develop new resources and the prospects for progress are much better in some parts of the territory than in others.

It is obvious that trading would be much simplified by federation of the various units, and if anyone should ask, "Why don't the British do something about that?" the answer is that they want to badly, but it is like trying to persuade any large family of problem children to sink their differences and co-operate for the common good.

After years of effort, five of the nine units have at last agreed to a common currency, the BWI dollar, which is tied to sterling at $4.80 to the pound. There may be more progress in the next few years but the job of federation seems to be even tougher than it was in Canada in the 1860's.

Articles about trade usually dabble in statistics which make dry reading at best and now our exports to the West Indies have dwindled so much owing to dollar difficulties that the figures are depressing as well as dry. Much detailed information may be found in the Year Book of the West Indies and Caribbean Countries, which should be in any good reference library.

When currency controls are relaxed, we should be able to resume at least the unhampered exchange of the natural produce of the temperate zone for that of the tropics, swapping our wheat flour and whisky for their sugar and rum, salted and pickled fish for bananas and citrus fruits, newsprint and lumber for cacao and copra, and so on.

As things are now, it is frustrating for a Canadian living in the West Indies to find he is eating meat, butter and cheese from far-off New Zealand, when Canada is practically bursting at the seams with large surpluses of such items, which are embarrassing to the producers and the Government alike.

There is no doubt that Canada and Canadian goods are popular in the West Indies, where we have won plenty of goodwill. West Indian merchants grumble at being obliged to buy in the sterling area, and complain bitterly that they could often do better elsewhere. We should, however, do well to remember that if for any reason they were under pressure to buy from Canada when they could do better from other sources, they would be human enough to complain just as much. Canadians who advocate a West Indian 11th Province for the sake of trade advantages may be overlooking this. It is better to win trade in fair competition with all comers.

In discussing these things with West Indians, I have gathered that few of them realize the extent to which large scale export of manufactured goods from Canada is limited by two serious obstacles. These are the substantially higher price level owing to our Customs Tariff, and the fact that many of our industries are controlled by American parent companies, some of which have their own arrangements for foreign trade and do not contemplate exporting from the Canadian plants.

In the West Indies we have some help from lower tariffs under the

FROM THE ENDS OF THE EARTH

Pulp and paper brings wealth to Canada from every corner of the free world. It is the largest item in our foreign trade, accounting for nearly a quarter of all exports. Canadian newsprint alone provides more than half the pages of the world's newspapers. Every Canadian benefits from pulp and paper's global enterprise.

PULP & PAPER INDUSTRY of CANADA

130 MILLS, SMALL AND LARGE, FROM COAST TO COAST

Commonwealth Preference, but from observation I believe that in most cases it is not enough to offset our higher prices, and the Americans undersell us without even trying.

Under present conditions, most of the manufactured goods sold in the West Indies come from Britain, and some are not as modern in design as corresponding items made in North America. When I arrived in Barbados in 1946, much of the merchandise in the stores reminded me of England in the Gay Nineties, when I built a house, I had to buy some of it. I am still continually surprised by the things that would be much more suitable if changed in design or made of different material. Anyone planning to develop export business should make a careful study of local conditions to be sure his goods will be suitable.

Most people who have travelled in the tropics have heard of the termites that attack some varieties of wood. The voracious creatures will make short work of houses, furniture, piano cases and such bric-a-brac if the wood happens to be a kind they like. For some reason, they are very partial to plywood and go for it like an old soldier for free beer. Building boards are coming into extensive use but they must be termite-proof.

Metal parts rust more quickly in a warm, humid climate than in cooler countries, and a feature of life in tropical islands is the salt in the condensation from atmospheric moisture that speeds the rusting process. We equipped our house with insect screens of the bronze mesh that lasts indefinitely in Canada but not here. The bronze soon had to be replaced with the new plastic mesh that is very satisfactory and cheaper. This airborne salt will attack aluminum fittings, especially on the windward side of the house.

The climate of Barbados is drier than that of many tropical islands, but in the rainy months leather shoes, belts and other articles will grow a fungus unless carefully looked after. I have noticed that the new synthetic substitutes seem to be immune and hope manufacturers will be quick to recognize this advantage for their tropical business.

The British textile manufacturers have traditionally carried on a large business in woollen cloth of light weight and very fine quality for sale in the tropics, but some of the new synthetics have definite advantages, such as resistance to wrinkling, ease of laundering and greater coolness, all of which are important.

Setting out to sell goods in the West Indies would probably be a new experience for most Canadian business men, and it is not easy to give advice on the subject.

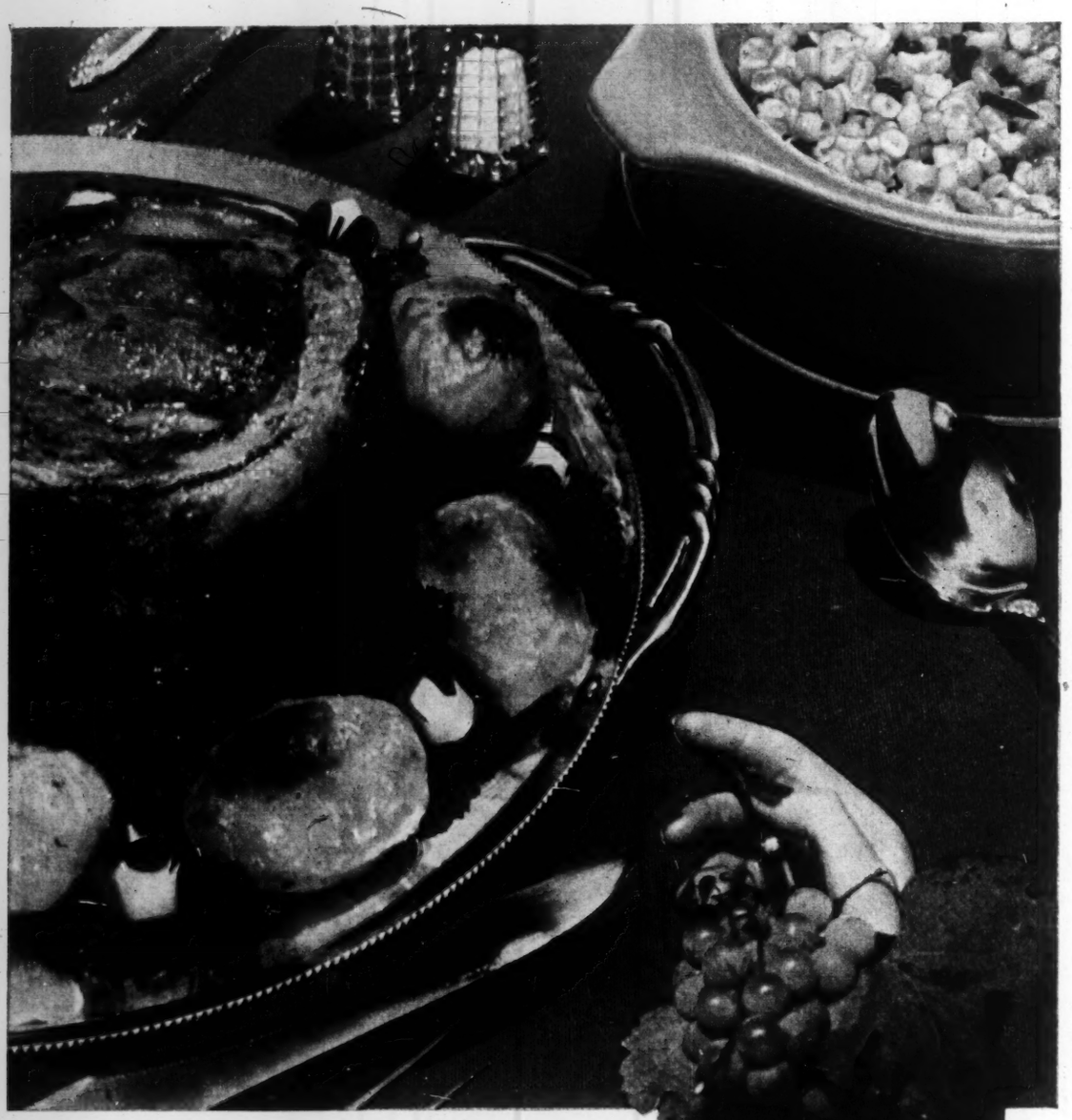
The Canadian Trade Commissioners who are located in key points like Trinidad, can give a great deal of helpful information. From what contact I have had with our Foreign Trade Service, I have come to feel that if all Government Departments were as efficient and courteous in their dealings with the public, the time-honored sport of making jokes about bureaucrats would die out from lack of material.

There are plenty of firms in the West Indies that act as sales agents, and some of these have a diversified assortment of merchandise to handle, such as office equipment, pharmaceutical supplies, women's dresses, firearms, tractors and some foodstuffs. Some of them operate in more than one unit of the territory but none covers the whole area so far as I know. It is difficult to see how they can do an aggressive selling job on a particular line; in fact their business methods seem more British than Canadian.

As a former Canadian manufacturer myself, I should like to see a great expansion of our exports of manufactured goods, and once the existing currency restrictions are eased, there should be plenty of scope in supplying the wants of the world with things we can make. But we should have to compete for the business. The Germans are coming back in the West Indies as elsewhere, and some of their goods show clever design and are favorably priced. Probably the Japanese will be along in due course too.

I have never been really convinced that the higher price level we have as compared with the United States is strictly necessary, or that it is actually good for us. If we could develop a sufficient volume of export trade, it should help to reduce costs per our domestic production, a most desirable result.

R. E. SMYTHIES



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

compelled to pay dues by Check-Off. He has no choice.

Mr. Justice I. C. Rand, who arbitrated the dispute between the UAW and the Ford Company of Canada in 1945, in dealing with union security, devised the plan which has become known as the Rand Formula. Its fundamental feature is the compulsory check-off of union dues only on all employees covered by the union agreement whether members of the union or not. It imposes on the union obligations which have been referred to as "employer security" provisions. Among these provisions is a $3 fine per day on any employee who is absent by participating in an unauthorized strike, plus a loss of one year's seniority for every continuous absence for a calendar week or part of a week during such a walkout. No strike may be called before a vote by secret ballot of all employees, whether members of the union or not, is taken under supervision of the Provincial Department of Labor.

The Dues Shop is covered by the clause, "The company shall deduct from the pay of all employees eligible to be members of the union dues of not more than . . . a month. All such money collected shall be remitted to the union." All employees covered by the agreement are subject to the check-off, non-members as well as members.

The check-off for income taxes and unemployment insurance is required by law, and many firms have used this system to deduct such things as group insurance premiums and pension contributions. There are still many employers who check-off as many as 50 items including such things as church dues, purchases from company stores, debts contracted by the employee, etc.

Six provinces have written the right to some form of check-off into their labor legislation—British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland. In 1948 the House of Commons Committee on Industrial Relations recommended a check-off amendment to the Industrial Relations and Disputes Investigation Act but this was not adopted. It is expected that the amendment will be considered again at the coming session of Parliament.

•

Socony Vacuum Exploration Co. and associates have staked two new test wells in Saskatchewan. Socony-Sohio Verwood No. 1 will be drilled by Socony 55 miles south of Moose Jaw on extensive acreage obtained on a farm-out from Sohio Oil Co. The other will be drilled 15 miles southeast of the Cantuar field. Three tests have recently been abandoned in Saskatchewan by Socony and associates.

The company has been considering the possible methods of marketing the large medium gravity oil reserves in the Esterton area of southwestern Saskatchewan. Present potential production in this area has been estimated at between 12,000 and 24,000 barrels daily, but marketing conditions have held actual production to something under 900 barrels daily.

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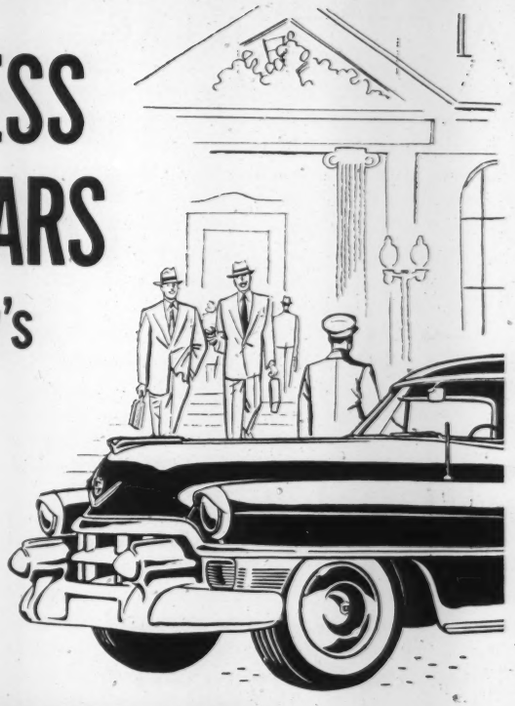

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THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

DIVIDEND NO. 267

NOTICE is hereby given that a DIVIDEND OF THIRTY CENTS per share on the paid-up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 31st October 1953 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after MONDAY, the SECOND day of NOVEMBER next, to Shareholders of record at the close of business on 30th September 1953. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board

N. J. McKINNON,
General Manager.

Toronto, 4th September 1953.

Certificate of Registry No. C-1428

has been issued authorizing The Great Lakes Reinsurance Company of Toronto, Ontario, Canada, to transact the business of Automobile Insurance and Accident Insurance, in addition to Fire Insurance, Inland Transportation Insurance, Personal Property Insurance, and, in addition thereto, Civil Commotion Insurance, Earthquake Insurance, Falling Aircraft Insurance, Hail Insurance, Impact by Vehicles Insurance, Limited or Inherent Explosion Insurance, Sprinkler Leakage Insurance, Water Damage Insurance and Windstorm Insurance, limited to the insurance of the same property as is insured under a policy of Fire Insurance of the company, for which it is already registered, limited to the business of reinsurance only.

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EATON'S . . . CANADA'S LARGEST RETAIL ORGANIZATION. STORES AND ORDER OFFICES FROM COAST TO COAST

Beauty

THE PROPER application of rouge is a re-discovered art, claims Rod Barron, the make-up expert from Helena Rubinstein's New York salon. At Toronto Eaton's, to introduce the new Rubinstein "One-Minute Make-up," he gave a private demonstration to the ladies attending the 31st annual convention of the Canadian Woollen and Knit Goods Manufacturers Association.

Besides the usual coloring of the cheeks, rouge can be used to block out shadows by placing a little dot at the inner corner of the eye; and rouge can help disguise a double chin, by being discreetly applied in an up-curved crescent at the tip of the chin.

We were especially interested in his views on eye make-up. During the last few years we have noticed an increase in the use of eye shadow and mascara, during the daytime, by business and professional women.

Eye shadow should never look harsh or obvious. It should always be placed directly under the eyebrows. Deftly blended, it enhances the eyes, making them seem larger and brighter. Placed on the lids or just above the eye lashes, it creates the impression of fatigue.

Another suggestion: eye shadow should only be applied from the centre outwards. Blended past the centre and inwards, it makes the eyes seem too near together.

With mascara, Mr. Barron said, the rule is: the less used, the prettier the eyes. Consequently, he advocated brushing the upper eyelashes only (unless the lower ones are extremely light in color), with a second application at the outside corners. Too much mascara makes the eyes look smaller than they are. Rubinstein has a waterproof mascara that defies rain and snow — and tears. It evidently has no affinity for water at all, because the brush does not even need to be moistened before using. However, before brushing the eyelashes, run your finger along the bristles, to get rid of excess mascara.

Another Barron trick: to prevent jabbing the brush in the eye, place your handmirror flat on the dressing table. Looking down into the mirror, you can keep your eye from blinking and so apply the mascara easily.

AT ONE TIME in France the use of perfume was reserved for members of royalty. In the 17th century, laws forbade perfumes to the lower classes. Louis XIV has been called "the sweetest smelling monarch", due to the fact he used perfume at all times. The court of the next Louis was termed *La Cour Parfumée*, and a different perfume was used every day. The first perfume guild in France was established back in 1190, but not until 1830 did perfume making become a real industry.

Women

LACQUER *red, in French pure silk taffeta, this dress is called "Lilly", and is by Cornelia, of Toronto, from her collection of originals. Posed with "Thor", a Harlequin Great Dane, owned by Victor Wadell, of Toronto.*

Photo, Norine McNerney

Conversation Pieces:

WHEN THE photographs of the cocktail fashions shown on the following pages were being taken, some of the models were temperamental. Soufflé (out of Caviar by Champagne), a French poodle owned by Mary Brown, of *Gossip* magazine, was determined not to pose. She had just had a haircut ($10) and was feeling elegant and skittish. Soufflé, Mrs. Brown insists, knows she looks ridiculous and likes it. Poodles are fast becoming one of the most popular breeds (in England, they moved from ninth place in 1950 to fourth place last year), among those who can afford the clipping fee. Incidentally, the accepted "lion cut" is of pre-French Revolution humor, then intended to poke fun at the British lion. The most popular breed of dog is still the cocker spaniel, according to the Canadian Kennel Club and the Kennel Club in England.

New President of the Canadian Association of Consumers is Madame H. E. Vautelet, of Montreal.

Concerts for children are becoming more and more an accepted part of the program of local symphony orchestras. Montreal's *Les Concerts Symphoniques* start their fifth season on Oct. 17, with eight concerts scheduled for Saturday mornings. And the Junior League of Winnipeg recently voted $1,000 to assist the Winnipeg Symphony with their twice yearly concerts for the children.

Bruck Mills has announced its new Winter colors, including Delice, a soft mink tone; Kashmir, an elegant mink tone; Riviera, a sparkling aquamarine; Blarney, a true Irish green; Norway Blue, clear and vibrant; Carte Blanche, the popular off-white winter shade; Cherokee, a gay pink-coral.

There will be a lot of star-gazing in Toronto this month. The Alumnae Dramatic Club is presenting Fry's *Venus Observed* on Oct. 13-15, with Pamela Beckwith (wife of composer John Beckwith) in the role played on Broadway by Lilli Palmer; and next week the New Play Society starts its production of the same play, written originally for Sir Laurence Olivier, in which an observatory substitutes for the usual etchings, in the life of an elderly Duke, who is an amateur astronomer.

Mayor R. A. Donahoe and Mrs. Donahoe, of Halifax, celebrated their 15th wedding anniversary, at the recent mayors' convention in Montreal.

Three well-known women had weddings in their families recently. Mrs. Allan Turner Bone, of Montreal, President of the National Council of Women, saw her son, John Turner Bone, married to Jessie Christina MacKay, of Scotsburn, NS; Mrs. Laura Chisholm, women's editor of *Farmer's Magazine*, was present at the wedding of her daughter Flora, to David D. Crombie, of Westmount, Que.; and Mary Alayne, daughter of Mrs. W. S. Taylor, deputy reeve of East York (near Toronto), married Dr. Irwin Campbell White, of Galt, Ont.

Other weddings: Rosemary Geraldine Gerhart, daughter of the Hon. Clarence E. Gerhart, of Edmonton, to Lt. William George Galloway, RCR, of London, Ont.; Ines Unger, daughter of conductor Heinz Unger, of Toronto, to David H. Johnston, of Cleveland, Ohio; Felice Bolté, daughter of Mrs. Margery Bolté, of Toronto, to Dr. Harold W. Estey, son of the Hon. Mr. Justice J. Wilfrid Estey, of Ottawa; Joan Mothersill, daughter of the late Lt-Col. G. S. Mothersill, DSO, MD, CM, of Ottawa, to Donald D. Smith, of Napanee; Dorothy Barbara Dowd, daughter of Dr. Kenneth E. Dowd, town of Mount Royal, Que.; to Charles Warren Goldring, son of Dr. C. C. Goldring, Toronto.

After-Five Fashions

WOOL, *with fashion contrast in the peau de soie accent, by Star Dress, Toronto. Photographed with "Jeepers", a wire-haired terrier owned by the George Kimptons of Toronto. Dress, about $49, at Northway's.*

Photo, Ken Bell

COCKTAIL *hat made from a Paisley shawl, and heavily beaded, by Lily Jamon, Toronto, from her collection of originals. Model is Lily herself, with "Soufflé", a French poodle owned by Mrs. Mary Brown of Toronto.*

Photo, Robert McMichael

AT HOME *elegance in velvet "pants" with sequin trim, and a rhinestone studded strapless top, from Morris Watkin, Toronto. Posed with "Marcel", a white poodle owned by Mrs. Mary Ransome of Toronto. Pants, about $15; top, about $8, at Eaton's.*

Photo, Norine McNerney

COCKTAIL *suit of black satin, with plum and gold stripes, by Hilda Boogaart, Toronto. Posed with "Schnapps", a dachshund owned by the Hans Freads of Toronto. Suit, about $55, from Hilda Boogaart's German collection.*

Photo, Robert McMichael

SHEATH *dress of Pink Coat cashmere, with that brushed look, by Lou Larry, Toronto. Taken with "Mex", a Chihuahua owned by Mrs. Ruth Cowieson of Toronto. Dress, about $19, at Simpson's.*

Photo, Norine McNerney

SHIRTWAIST *dress of minifil crepe, with paillette trim, by Lawrence Sperber, Montreal. Photographed with "Champion Allison Warrior", a boxer owned by Mrs. I. Diamond of Beaconsfield, Que. Dress, about $50, at Joan Rigby, Toronto.*

Photo, Arnott & Rogers

BEAD *encrusted peau de soie, in the new Café au Lait shade, by Sam Sherkin, Toronto. Taken with "Ebby", a black Labrador owned by Dr. J. C. Dalton, Toronto. Dress, about $75, at Ira Berg, Toronto.*

Photo, Norine McNerney

ERMINE *tails for elegance, on this Martin's Viscoe-velvet sheath, by Lawrence Sperber, Montreal. Posed with "Puttencove Jimminey Cricket", a miniature poodle owned by Mrs. Peter Usher of Montreal. Dress, about $60, at Travers Fox.*

Photo, Arnott & Rogers

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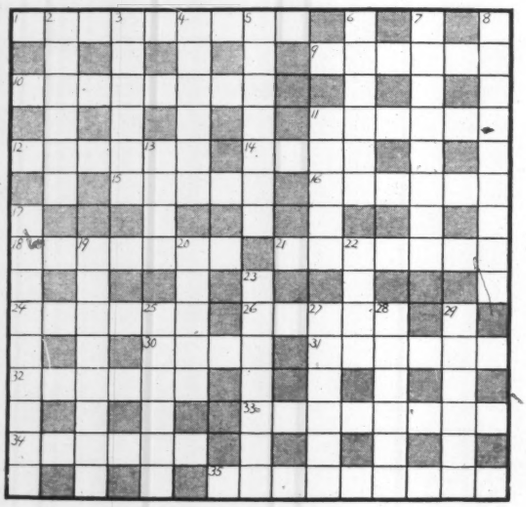
ACROSS

1. A short suit, perhaps, very baggy. (5,4)
9. Mercy should to justice. (6)
10. A compound for foolish Catherine? (8)
11. He's such a pet, and learned, too. (6)
12. Chair one may need pull to occupy. (6)
14. Lament a sound old actor? (4)
15. This, to a rat, might be suspect. (5)
16. Yet those who don't win, may love the game. (6)
18. Author who evidently liked to shove his relatives around. (7)
21. Perhaps he was enraged over his castle in Spain. (7)
24. Initially an Irish poet with a sour, upset stomach? (6)
26. It's a credit to anyone. (5)
30. The Dutch boat is somewhat buggy! (4)
31. It was a matter of life and death to an alchemist. (6)
32. Yet it can't see, not even a little! (6)
33. People spend theirs before morning. (8)
34. So sweet of Cooper, perhaps, to take us back. (6)
35. They're insulated at home. (9)

DOWN

2. Does one become inured to being so? (6)
3. Bounces politely. (6)
4. "Out of the ..... endlessly rocking". (Whitman) (6)
5. Did Sherlock Holmes spot one in the band? (7)
6. Impossible to appear thus in a 9. (6)
7. You can't spin, dear, on that ankle! (8)
8. One of the 35 bit her, sir! (9)
11. Flying pan? (5)
13. Knock out mother? On the contrary! (4)
17. It shouldn't be hard to talk in here. (9)
19. A hard time to live in? (5,3)
20. You are, when they inter you! (5)
22. Mabel's lost the first draft, perhaps. (4)
23. Striking pieces on the piano? (7)
25. Did Will shake them? Stick to the point! (6)
27. Nero's tutor, as you can see. (6)
28. Having put all in order, it turned over and expired. (6)
29. Reg gets up to dance a measure. (6)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1, 3, 1. across. Home, sweet home
6. Time
11. Martial
12. Hairpin
13. Waterfowl
14. Bases
15. Radar
16. Endymion
19. Bandying
23. Lotto
26. Moral
28. Frigidity
29. Leaguer
30, 1 across. Funeral home
31. Toss
32. See 1 down
33. Emit

DOWN

1, 32. Homeward bound
2. Merited
4. Welcome
5. Exhaled 7. Impasto
8. Ernest 9. Mirrored
10. Limb 17. Millions
18. Polyglot 20. Arrears
21. Inferno 22. Griffin
24. Trigram 25. Omelet
27. Loud (283)

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The Backward Glance

One Year Ago This Week

In Saturday Night

SATURDAY NIGHT for October 18, 1952, bore on its cover the photograph of an elk sticking its tongue out at the viewer, over the picture title, "Hunting Season In Canada". The Cover Page article was "Law and the Sex Criminal", by W. C. J. Meredith, QC, who quoted J. Edgar Hoover, G-Man boss and Stork Club habitué, as saying that criminal sexual assaults take place in the U.S. at an average rate of 27 per day. We would have been inclined to put the number much higher, even ignoring unreported crimes, a category in which many sexual assaults must be placed.

Dr. Alfred Kinsey has recently gone on record as stating that most so-called "sex offenders" are not offenders at all, in a biological sense, and that most laws dealing with sex aberrations are based on ecclesiastical rather than social laws. What this subject really needs is a detailed and authoritative study by a scientist who is a combination of a Kinsey and a Lombroso.

In "The Ottawa View", Michael Barkway discussed Canada's preparedness program, and B. K. Sandwell, in "Old France Versus New France", talked of a little-known factor in the life of early French Canada, that of the hatred felt by the French settlers for the army and government officials sent into their midst by the Government in Paris. L. L. L. Golden, in an article headed "Ike and Adlai in the Home Stretch", wrote an if-when-and-where piece about the chances of the two U.S. presidential candidates, placing himself squarely astride the fence as he did so.

In "Letters To The Editor", H. B. Collier of Edmonton deplored the low salaries paid to university professors, and stated that most of the university graduates would go into their first jobs at a larger salary than the one their professors were receiving. John Wyse of Montreal decried the suggestion that there should be lower import tariffs on Japanese goods, stating that this would tend to throw Canadians out of work, or lower their wages. Dorothea Lundell, of Revelstoke, BC, was peeved at SATURDAY NIGHT for failing to mention a picture called *The Great Barrier* in an article called "Movie Making In Canada". This picture had been filmed in and around Revelstoke in the summer of 1936.

Also in "Letters To The Editor" T. J. Allard of the Canadian Association of Broadcasters thanked SATURDAY NIGHT for running an article called "Local Boosters of Talent". This article dealt with the activities of Canada's privately operated radio stations in developing talent. Mr. Allard said, ". . . once the non-government stations do develop talent, usually at considerable trouble and expense, it receives offers from the network monopoly which it cannot properly resist . . . The non-government stations are thus using their facilities in a large part as a training school, but as the review shows, a very effective training school indeed."

Writers are a breed whose temperaments are as varied as their abilities, and their slogan could well be, "He's not as good as you and me, and I'm a bit better than you." All too often, the only time one writer will defend another is when he is secure in the knowledge that the writer he is helping poses no threat to his self-appointed position atop the pile. It was refreshing, then, to find that under the title, "Storm Out of the Arctic", Scott Young, a writer of boys' books and slick fiction, defended Farley Mowat's book *People of the Deer* from what, to his mind, was the unjust criticism levelled at it by the house organ of the Hudson's Bay Co., *The Beaver*. Concurring with Mr. Young in his evaluation of Farley Mowat's book, and being also an admirer of *The Beaver*, we take no part in the controversy, but merely record it as a welcome literary phenomenon.

A writer who is revealed only as "a London *Observer* Correspondent", called it right in an article written well before Stalin's death titled, "Stalin's Choice: Malenkov". In the article the writer evaluated Malenkov's position in the Soviet hierarchy, and told of his meteoric rise to prominence, pushed as he was by his mentor, Stalin.

It is very seldom that we take opposite sides with Mary Lowrey Ross in her film criticisms, but we find ourselves disagreeing with her heartily about the film *The Quiet Man*. Mrs. Ross thought it was "too yearningly Irish for plausibility or even comfort." Being a Sassenach, and a descendant of Sassenachs, we hold no sentimental briefs for the auld sod, but we thought the picture was one of the most delightful we had ever seen. Our judgment of movies (and we are an inveterate moviegoer) rests largely on the way we feel when we emerge into the workaday world from the temples of poopery and popcorn. At times we have found ourselves slinking along the storefronts, cigarette drooping from the corner of our scowling lips (that is, if you can scowl with your lips) in imitation of Little Caesar, and at other times we have strutted along the streets, a veritable picture of a debonair Cesar Romero. After seeing *The Quiet Man* we strode along like John Wayne, back in County Mayo, on our way to a tryst with Maureen O'Hara. This feeling lasted all the way home, and for that alone we would have awarded four stars to *The Quiet Man*. And bad cess to ye, Mrs. Ross!

ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN, who for our money is one of the funniest Canadian writers (that is, his writing is funny) wrote a short piece called "The Nutshell Monthly" in which he advocated the "digesting" of all writing into nutshell form "that can easily be read between two bites of ham on rye." The following is his digest of *War and Peace*, and about time, say we: "Well, prince, Genoa and Lucca are now no more than private estates of the Bonaparte family,' said Anna Pavlovna Scherer in July, 1805. Soon after there walked in Count Bezuhov. During the next eight years the count and several other Russian noblemen fell in love, out of love and went to war while Napoleon invaded Russia and gave up because of the cold."

Early each fall we get the nutty idea of reading *War and Peace* during the coming winter. We have had the book now since the year of the big blizzard and were on the verge of promising ourselves once again to read it during this winter for sure. Now that we have read Allen's digest of it we are happy to say that we will no longer get a guilt complex every time our eye lights on it in the bookcase. But just to make sure, does anybody want an unsoiled copy of Tolstoy's *War and Peace*?

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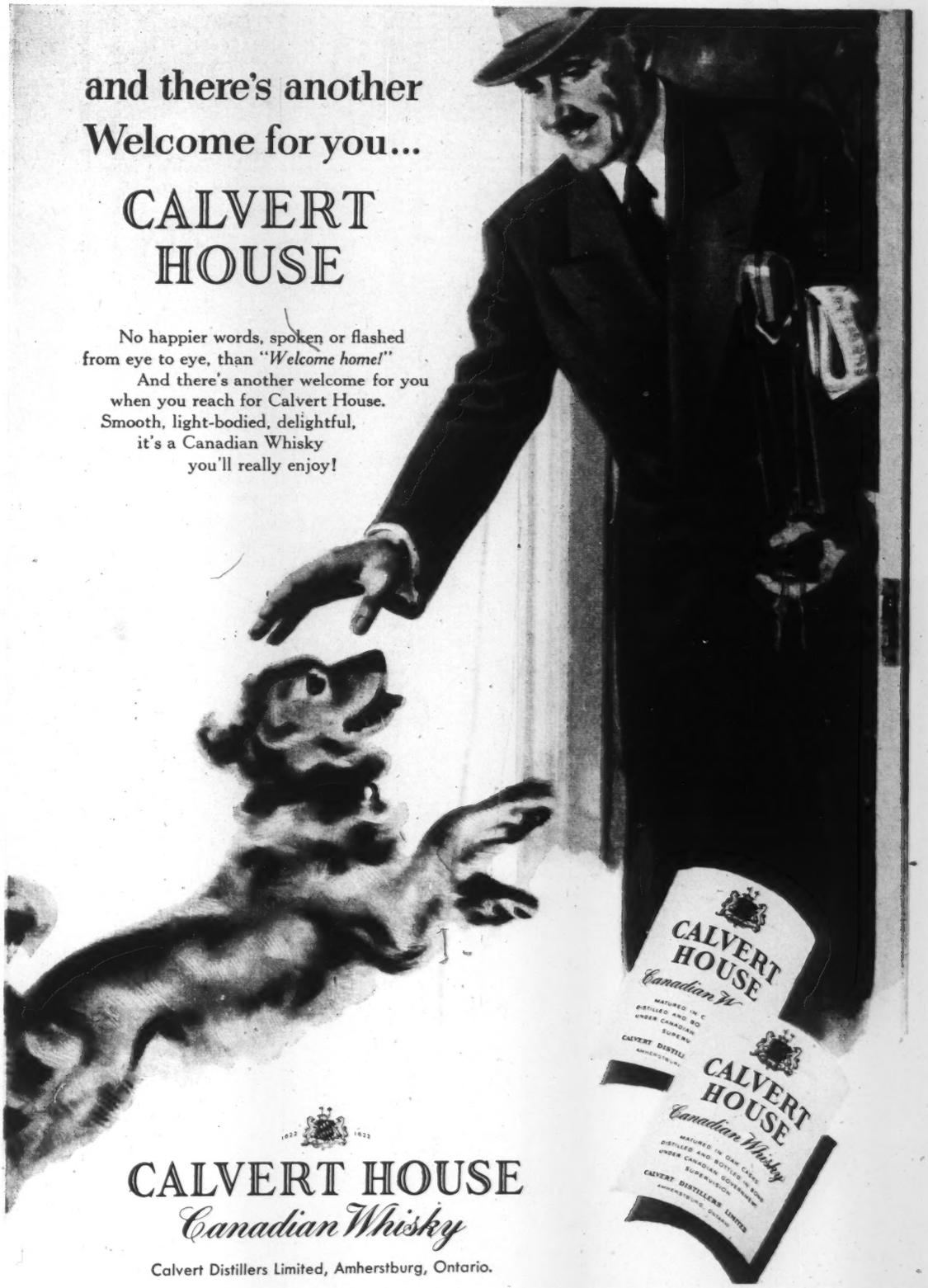

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